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The Double Squeeze

by

Henry Beach Needham

If you love Baseball · with a dash of Adventure *and* Romance · Read · This

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS.

Millionaires are always capital fellows.

Actors and barbers are men of many parts.

To the father of twins life seems but a span.

It is better to be level headed than flat footed.

The worst man is sometimes capable of giving advice.

Swallowing his pride does not satisfy a hungry man.

The fewer scruples a man has the more drams he takes.

It is usually the forward boy who is backward at school.

One way to become round is to eat plenty of square meals.

Ability is the art of doing only what we are capable of doing.

But few persons want the things that are to be had for the asking.

Be sure you are right—but don't be too sure that everybody else is wrong.

About nine new women out of a possible ten are old women painted over.

A man with but one idea is sometimes worse than a man with no idea at all.

But for adversity some men would never know how little they can borrow.

Any one man may be a hero to a girl if he has the price of a box at the opera.

Probably the majority of clergymen are poor because they preach without notes.

A west side phrenologist claims he can tell what a barrel contains by examining its head.

Whenever you see a man in a seedy coat entering a saloon no explanation is necessary.

Love laughs less at locksmiths than it does at papa when he pays the locksmith's bill.

It takes two to make a quarrel—but when one is willing it's easy enough to find another.

It is said that there is land in Virginia so poor that the natives can't even raise a disturbance on it.

Some men reach the wrong destination by traveling the right road; they travel in the wrong direction.

When a man is out of money he doesn't show any; but when a man is out of temper he shows a lot of it.

No man should complain of being weighed on his own scales or being measured by his own yardstick.

There is no objection to a man's blowing his own horn, but it's the time he always selects that makes us tired.

The man who choice of language commands
May talk on all subjects at will;
But his wisdom excels if he understands
Just when and where to keep still.

A Little Song of Love

I turn to you as a tired man turns
Where the red sunset brightly burns.

You are like evening peace; like rain
On the parched meadow and the plain.

You are the dusk that wraps me round,
And heals me in its hush profound.

You are like tears to sorrow; joy
To the wild heart of the young boy.

You are the moonlight on my sea;
When I am tired you bend to me.

There is no hour of any day
You have not lit my darkened way.

Think of the world without the sun,
My life without you, Silent One!

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

A Real Woman

By A. Maria Crawford

"I CALL that rotten luck!" Martin Heiskell dropped a little square of perfumed paper on his desk and looked across at his young stenographer, his handsome face sullen over the bad news. "I've had a table at Mason's engaged for weeks, for New Year's supper, you know, and now the girl has turned me down, at the last minute. Of course, it's late in the day to make any other arrangement. New Year's eve is no time for a fellow to be alone. I want to frolic then. The sky's my limit."

Betty Hamilton's heart was behaving in most unusual fashion. It felt as if it were flopping around like a small fish out of water. Her good looking employer had never addressed her before except on matters of business. She looked down at her note book, trying to think of some comforting remark that might tend to prolong the new personal element in the conversation.

"Perhaps—she'll change her mind," she managed to stammer.

"She's a spoiled little devil and I'm thru with her. She's in big time vaudeville but got a week off to come home to her sister's wedding. The fact is, she's met a new man and she's out for his scalp tonight."

"I'm very sorry. Can't you ask some other friend?" Betty's courage came flowing back. It warmed her heart and brought a pretty color to her cheeks. A pleasant idea obtruded itself on Martin Heiskell's disappointment.

"Why can't you go with me, Miss Betty, or have you, too, a better looking beau for tonight?"

"I'll be delighted," cried Betty eagerly. If she had been more than just 19, if she had been born in a city instead of a small country town, her quick acceptance would have lacked the spontaneity that suddenly charmed the man of the world for whom she was working. Hitherto, he had regarded her merely as a necessity in his well regulated office.

"Fine! That will do for today. Now, run along and doll up for our party! What's your address? And be sure to get ready on time!"

Betty hurried home on winged feet, and there in the boarding house a fairy godmother, in the person of a sweet young singer from the South, changed the drab little stenographer into a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

"My blue satin fits you as if it had been made for you, child. Why haven't you plied your lovely hair on top of your head before? You're a real beauty! Now, wait until I get my velvet coat! Don't say a word! I'm enjoying this as much as you are," cried the generous Southerner. "I'm willing to take you in hand, child. What possibilities you have!"

And then while she was still dazed with wonder of all of it, Betty found herself in a gray lined limousine, gliding down the crowded thorofare of the city's great white way. She felt as if she herself were acting a part in a play when they went into a theater. The music, the soft lights, the merry groups of handsomely gowned women, the sudden surprised happiness in the eyes of the man beside her—acted as a stimulus to the girl who seemed to have slipped, by chance, into Paradise for the span of a few brief hours.

Later, in the gay restaurant, transformed into a veritable fairyland, Betty looked about her with eager, child-like eyes of wonder. The ceilings were festooned with artistic arrangements of colored papers that soon were to open mysteriously and spill a wealth of flowers, confetti and tiny souvenirs on the riotous crowds below. Little boughs of mistletoe, suspended over each softly lighted table, swung slowly back and forth. Restraint had been thrown aside and men, awkward as young boys at their first New Year's party, tried to catch their ladies fair under the magic boughs of green.

Betty smiled at Martin Heiskell across the little table with its mound of crimson roses. "You're giving me a lovely evening!" she said softly. "I am almost selfish enough to be glad that somebody else could not come."

Martin looked at a nearby table where that somebody else, with too red lips and over bright eyes, was trying to lure him over to make peace. Then he smiled back at the slender, innocent young girl opposite him.

"It was the best luck I ever had," he declared heartily. "I think you've been a princess in disguise." There was no mistaking the admiration in his eyes. He looked at her softly curving red lips and then up at the slowly swaying bough of mistletoe. Already, a New Year's resolution was forming in his heart and mind. He would live differently hereafter so that some time, not far distant—he would dare——

The Hawaiian players began a rollicking tune and out on the floor, two by two, went the merry, carefree crowd. As Betty danced her heart was as light as her feet. Was it only that afternoon she had worn a plain blue serge frock and taken dictation by the hour from a man who regarded her as a piece of office furniture? For weeks she had secretly wondered what she would say if some day, by chance, he saw that she was a young, healthy girl, who wanted to play a little in the gay world of which she had only dreamed. She looked up and found his disconcerting brown eyes on her.

"Tomorrow," he said masterfully, "is a holiday, you know. I'm going to take you out to mother's place. It will be a great trip thru the snow—just you and I——"

Midnight—such a din of bells and whistles, laughter and song! From overhead came a shower of flowers and tiny birds that fluttered as if they had life. And thru it all, a rain of confetti that poured down like vari-colored jewels and lodged picturesquely in the girl's fluffy hair.

Betty laughed aloud with the joy that was hers and to Martin Heiskell's ears, it rang with freshness and purity, like some vagrant little wind among the trees far away from the carnival scene of the gilded restaurant. Old ideals, half forgotten, old dreams stirred again at the touch of her lithe young body. He found himself laughing with her, like a boy. But above the exciting din, clear like a clarion call, the new resolution formed into something tangible, something real.

"Oh girl, Betty," he said huskily as he placed the borrowed velvet coat around her white shoulders, "I am going to make myself worthy of you so that next year when the magic bough of mistletoe hangs over your pretty head, I may have the right to stamp you—as my own."

* * *

It is better for a man to forgive an enemy than to take a sound thrashing.

LOVE PROBLEMS.

CURLY HEAD: You are 18, in love with a man now in France. Before he left you promised to marry him when he returned. However, there is a girl with whom he used to go, who says she hears from him every week, and declares that she can marry him any time she wants to. You want to know if you should wait for him, or marry some one else. Write to him and find out if what she says is true before you break your promise. You might also ask her to let you see the envelopes of the letters which she says he has sent her.

PUZZLED: You are a girl of 16 and live in a small town where the boys (17 and 18) stand on street corners and talk to every girl that goes by. You will not answer them, and now they are saying that you are "stuck up." Why worry? They probably are not worth while knowing, and their opinion of you does not count.

UNDECIDED SUE: You are a married woman of 21, and your husband is now in France. After your marriage he acted very coldly towards you but never was cruel. You could be happy with him if he acted differently. Since he went away he has begged you to write to him and has written as often as possible. You wonder whether he cares for you, since he has gone out with women of questionable character since your marriage to him, tho he has not denied it when you taxed him with it. You wonder if you should get a divorce. No. I think you two should have a good heart to heart talk. Tell him to tell you frankly why he acts as he does and assure him that you are willing to do your share to remedy conditions.

FLOSSIE: You are a girl 22 and have been going with a young man for a year. You are tired of him and want to know how to get rid of him. Just tell him you do not care for him any longer and feel it is best that you do not see each other any more, or, if you don't care to be so frank, refuse to go anywhere with him and do not have him come to see you. Plead other engagements.

UNDECIDED GIRL: You are 20 and engaged to a young man in the Army. Now you have met a sailor and you think you care more for him. You have begun corresponding with him, and wonder what to do about the other young man. It is not the first time you have broken your engagement. I don't think you know whom you do care for. As a matter of fact, the young man you are engaged to, is lucky that you are breaking the engagement. I don't think you'd ever make him a good wife.

CUTIE: You are 18, and now engaged to a young man of 20. Before you met this young man you were corresponding with a soldier whom you had met about four times before he left for Europe. He wrote you occasionally and sent you presents, and you answered his letters. Now you want to know what to do about him. Have you any reason to think the young man thought himself engaged to you? If not, you have nothing to worry about. Corresponding and sending you little gifts, means absolutely nothing. Unless he spoke definitely about marriage, don't give him a thought. If the presents are expensive, you had better return them when he returns to this country.

BLUE EYES: You are a girl of 23, keeping house for a man of 60 and his aged mother. You expect to marry the man in the spring. You say you love each other dearly and that you want to look out for him when he gets older. I think you are very foolish. The man is old enough to be your father, and when you will long for good times, he will want to sit in the chimney corner. Better look long before you leap.

TWO BRUNETTES: You are two girls of 17 and 18 and chum together. You usually go out with two young men who attempt to kiss you and put their arms around you. You say you do not know how to prevent this, and also want to know what young men do when they are in love. You can rest assured the young men do not care for you. A young man who really loves a girl has too much respect for her to kiss her without her full consent or before he has asked her to marry him. Just insist on not being kissed, that's all.

DUNCAN: You are a young man in college. Recently a girl you had taken out told you that she loved you and that she could not live without you. You spoke to her parents about this; you do not care for the girl and are at a loss to know what to do. Recently she wrote you saying she would give you a month to choose either her or some other girl. You were to drive by her house with the top of your buggy up if you cared for her, and down if you did not. Her parents told you to go by with the top of the buggy down. You want to know what to do. The girl, no doubt, will give up this silly notion if you let her alone. Ignore the matter altogether.

Beginning a Four-part Story of Baseball, Romance and Adventure

The Double Squeeze

by

HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

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PART I.

THE STAR'S DISAPPEARANCE.

DOWNSTAIRS, in the visitors' room of the University Hospital, which stank of iodoform, Tris Ford, manager of the Giant-killers, waited uneasily. Upstairs, reposeful as befitted the true scientist, the resident bacteriologist squinted thru his microscope. Before this revealing instrument, on a hanging drop slide, was a liquid globule of bouillon take from a culture of typhoid bacilli.

Keenly the disease detective observed the carefree bacteria in their native sports. Some of the wrigglers indulged in a continuous round of somersaults. Others tore thru space and looped the loop as tho riding invisible monoplanes. Those more socially inclined tangoed in pairs. But not one bacillus was static. All were in turmoil. The culture was "good."

With almost cruel cunning the baccilian expert precipitated a tiny quantity of blood solution into a minute amount of the culture, and deftly transferred the combination drop to a fresh slide.

The base of the solution used was the blood of Bill Dart, pitching mainstay of the Giant-killers.

Curiously the resident bacteriologist awaited results. In five minutes there was to be noted a gradual quiescence in the movements of the wrigglers. They ceased their mad pranks and settled down as if overtaken with languor. One by one the bacilli became absolutely static, curling up in groups and going to sleep in a conglomerate mass, like so many young pups. In a quarter of an hour there was not a sign of life. The bacteriologist had brought his experiment to a successful conclusion.

An interne came to Tris Ford and reported. The manager of the Giant-killers got a dose of heavy language, in which emphasis was laid on "Widal reaction" and "positive." There was something assertively final about the surprisingly intelligible medical term "positive."

"You mean he's got it?" asked Ford.

The interne majestically inclined his head. "There is not a shadow of a douot. A positive reaction—typhoid."

"A light or a mild case?—suppose you can't tell?"

"Not with certainty, of course. But the bacteriologist informed me that the behavior of the bacilli after the mixture of the blood solution and the culture would indicate a pronounced type of typhoid, probably a severe case."

"Poor Bill," said Tris, half to himself. Then in a tone of authority he addressed the interne: "Everything is to be done to make Mr. Dart comfortable and to get him well. Don't try to save a nickel. Our club will stand it. I'll call again soon. Good-day!"

Walking to the trolley, Tris Ford came to three important conclusions:

First—To count Bill Dart out for the entire season (not a fortnight old) and recast his campaign without taking his most valued pitcher into account.

Second—to write to the Surgeon General, United States Army, and learn all about the inoculation of officers and enlisted men as a preventive of typhoid fever.

Third—To go in search of Barney Larkin, who was touted as the greatest left-hander outside the breastworks of organized baseball.

Like the manager in the war game, Tris Ford believed in preparedness. He was almost invariably forearmed. But he wasn't prepared for the trick played him by a criminally negligent Southern city which harbored a water supply devoted to the propagation of typhoid bacilli. Otherwise he wouldn't have thought for one moment of hitching up with two yards and fifteen stone of human trouble, even tho said trouble did boast of a phenomenal fast ball and beautiful control—"control" not of the man, but of the ball.

NOT one of the other fifteen major league managers would have undertaken the job of handling Barney Larkin. Two had tried. It was Parke of Pittsburgh who discovered Larkin. For fully twenty-four hours after Larkin pitched his first big-league game, shutting out Cincinnati, Parke boasted of his find. Then abruptly he ceased to boast; and after two weeks, replete with excitement for the Pirates, the eccentric performer was given his unconditional release. When the parting was over, Parke made this statement:

"I've seen some grand port siders and some 'bad actors' in my day, but Barney Larkin's got 'em all beat. Curving a ball and crooking his elbow seem to be born in him. Reminds me of a famous Irishman who boasted he could fight a duel and drink a bowl of punch between thrusts. And the more he drank the harder he fought. So with Barney. He can pitch shut-out ball between drinks. The more hard liquor he puts away the faster his ball and the better his control. I'm not joking—drinking actually improved his pitching. But it didn't have the same effect on other players with our club—there was the devil to pay. No more Barneys for me."

Undismayed by the judgment of Parke, the manager of the Cincinnatis grabbed Larkin, bragging: "Observe—I can handle any player who isn't actually bughouse."

Balldom observed. It wasn't altogether what Barney Larkin did, altho that was "a-plenty." It was what he did to the Cincinnati team. When they next appeared in the East, one of the sporting writers said that nothing so disorganized had come out of Ohio since Coxey's army. Gladly the "load of wild oats," as Barney had come to be called, was given his unconditional release.

He was now officially designated a "free agent." But where had his freedom taken him?

There was a sure way to trace Barney Larkin. He loved the spot light; no near-statesman or Thespian of the chorus sought the bright white light more persistently. Barney was either in the newspapers or seeking to break into print. Most generally he found the scribes in a receptive frame of mind. Barney Larkin was to the sporting writers what Harry Thaw was to the sob artists—good for a column any dull day. And the story, nine times out of nine, got on to the wire and traveled over the country.

Tris Ford sent out an "S. O. S." to Barney Larkin, the sporting editor of the North Star acting as transmitter. The scribe wrote a story about Barney, rehearsing his exploits with horsehide and highball, and winding up with the query:

"Has any one seen Barney? Is he far from the madding crowds of fans, bumping along on the water wagon, or is he mixing up drinks and pitching with his old-time time abandon and ne'er-failing skill? We repeat—has any one seen Barney Larkin?"

Back flew the answer: "Barney is in our midst."

It came from Punxsutawney, State of Pennsylvania.

The rest was merely the correspondence of diplomacy, at which Tris-tram Carling-ford was a lineal descendant of Charles Maurice Talleyrand. The culmination was a telegram from Larkin, sent collect, reading:

"COME ON AND GET ME."

The manager of the Giant-killers took the first train for Punxsutawney, which is a borough most inconveniently located northeast of the Smoky City. He took with him a corpulent roll of yellow bills. Tris Ford knew that he must buy Larkin's release—not from the outlaw club, but from the tradesmen of Punxsutawney.

Up Center street and down the shady side, Ford and Barney tramped, making more calls than the letter carrier. There were the clothier, the shoe store man, the haberdasher, the laundry, the barber, every bar in town, and both hotels to pay, and the express company. Barney owed the express company for transportation charges on a bulldog! The one thing that saved the enterprise from complete insolvency was the departure of the daily train for Pittsburgh at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

Tris Ford did not leave Punxsutawney in an altogether cheerful attitude of mind, notwithstanding he had captured his quarry, for the directors of the outlaw club came to the train in a body and thanked the big-league manager because he was taking Barney out of town. Even to the man of iron nerve this was disquieting.

IN THE manner told was Barney Larkin brought to the Giant-killers' ball yard. His first appearance, notably unlike most pitching inaugurals, was an unalloyed triumph.

Facing Detroit, which club was then going strong, he let the Tigers down without a hit. But twenty-seven men went to bat, and of these Barney struck out fifteen—a record commented upon to this day. In the last inning, with two out and that demon batsman, "The Georgia persimmon," at bat, Barney walked toward the grandstand, stopped, and then motioned to the crowd to go home. "All over!" he insisted.

The fans roared in delight—and roared louder still when he struck the champion batter out. From that moment Barney Larkin was the idol of the fans. There were times, many times, when he caused Bill Dart, who was fighting disease and death in the hospital, to be forgotten by the heartless rooter. The eccentric left-hander was keeping the Giant-killers in the hunt for the pennant.

Also, he was keeping Tris Ford awake nights. No such prize problem in manhandling had been put up to Ford in the twenty years of his management. Unerringly Tris had sized up Barney Larkin. The manager knew that whenever Barney was pitching air-tight ball—mowing 'em down—it was necessary to keep an eye on him about eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; "going good," he was most inclined to give rein to his bad habits. But when he was in a slump he was not difficult to handle. This was infrequent, for he was continually leading the other pitchers in the number of games pitched and in games won.

Early in his association with Barney Larkin, the manager of the Giant-killers decided, first of all, that he must let the unruly pitcher believe he was fooling his boss. Every excuse must be accepted as the ungilded truth; otherwise Barney would have to be disciplined, and that would mean in a short time his release. Usually Tris Ford was "wise." But there was that episode in St. Louis which illuminates Barney's character, wherein Tris was fooled completely.

It was on the Giant-killers' second trip West. Barney was given an afternoon off. He went at once to a saloon near the ball park and started in by negotiating a loan of five dollars from the proprietor. After the money had gone into drink for himself and his hobo admirers, he struck the proprietor for five dollars more.

The saloonkeeper hesitated. As security for the loan Barney offered to "hang up" the gold watch fob which admiring fans had presented to him in appreciation of his mighty pitching. Giving it to the proprietor, Barney made this proposition:

"You let me have five, which will make ten I owe you, and I'll make Tris believe I lost my fob. Then he'll advertise for it and offer a reward of ten dollars."

Barney got the second five and without delay it passed over the bar to the proprietor in exchange for more liquor. Then the wild performer wandered back to the grounds. Tris Ford heard that he was outside, and, as he thought he needed a rescue pitcher to save the game, he sent for Barney. Barney came without protest and entered the clubhouse to dress. But the tide of battle turned in the Giant-killers' favor, and the left-hander was not called upon.

Shortly before the game ended, Barney Larkin came upon the field, all excitement. He rushed up to the Giant-killers' bench, exclaiming that he had lost his gold watch fob. After the last man was out Barney had twenty willing baseball workers and both umpires raking the field for the fob that the saloonkeeper was holding for a reward!

According to Barney's prophecy, Tris Ford, kind-hearted soul, advertised for the "lost" keepsake. Waiting in Chicago when the Giant-killers arrived was a telegram, charges collect, which read: "Fob found. Send on ten-dollar reward."

BUT it wasn't Barney's escapades that troubled the manager so much as the effect his raw behavior might have on the morale of the team. This, too, despite the acknowledged reputation enjoyed by the Giant-killers, omitting Larkin, of being the cleanest and most gentlemanly bunch of ball players in the country.

The club was proud of such a reputation. This was what worried Tris Ford. He felt no anxiety lest Barney corrupt the team. What the manager expected was a call-down from his own men. Perhaps something like this:

"Look a-here, Tris! We care something for our good name if you don't. If one rotten apple will spoil the whole barrel, it's a sure thing one rounder like Barney Larkin will ruin our reputation for decency and gentlemanly conduct. Barney leaves a red trail all over the circuit, and we're getting tired of it. If you think there's nothing to our profession except winning ball games, why we'll try something else. And this goes!"

No, Tris Ford didn't want to have to answer back to unanswerable talk like that. Neither did he care to part company with Barney Larkin just yet—not while the temperamental twirler was holding the Giant-killers to the fore of the championship race and incidentally proving himself the best drawing card in the American League. If the team could be brought to look upon Barney as a weak brother—somebody without the pale of the Giant-killers' society—and would tolerate him for the worth of his pitching arm, the club might contrive to scale the heights and win another pennant. It was for the boys themselves to decide. Tris would have it out with them thru their natural leader, Win Shute.

IT HAS been intimated elsewhere that a good story hangs about the discovery and capture of James Winton Shute—"Win" to his teammates as to his college intimates. Suffice it that he was captain of the varsity nine at the big university, and so devoted was he to the national pastime that he was eager to cut short his collegiate training at the end of his junior year and join the Giant-killers. But Tris Ford wouldn't listen to it. He insisted that James Winton finish his education; and ever after, when Shute considered his bachelor of arts degree with pride and satisfaction, he never failed to thank Tris Ford for his part in the capture of it. Ford alone could have kept the budding ball player in college.

Two years after graduation Shute was a regular on the Giant-killers' team,

playing second base. He was batting well over .300 and covering second as tho he had invented the position and was continually improving his invention. He had earned the sobriquet of the "pepper box," for the obvious reason that he infused life and go into the club. He was in the game every minute, playing always for the team, never for himself.

And—his lips had never known the taste of liquor, as Ira Landis oratorically said one time at a public banquet; neither did the great second-sacker smoke. No wonder Tris Ford looked upon him as a model ball player and sought his counsel. James Winton Shute sat at the manager's right at the meetings of the strategy board.

Events hastened Tris Ford's consultation with Win Shute about Barney. First of all, Shute was suffering the tortures of Job with a nasty boil on his groin—the one spot where such an affliction can most harass an active ball player. Tris Ford, sympathetic to a fault, had told Win to stay out of the game.

"With the team in a batting slump, the pitch staff wabbly, and a lead of less than two games? Not on your life, Tris! You may get the umpire to order me off the field, but I'll not quit for anybody else—get that?"

This gingery dialog took place in Chicago. Three days later Barney Larkin failed to show up the afternoon he was down to pitch. Hawk, who didn't have the stuff, tried to fill the southpaw's shoes, and the Giant-killers were beaten—trounced three games out of four in the series.

Getting back from the grounds, the team found Barney in the hotel lobby, mixing it up with the hotel porter, a friendly soul, who had tried to lure the "full" pitcher into the privacy of his bedroom. At sight of Tris Ford, Barney sobered up temporarily and lurched into the elevator—and heavily against Win Shute.

It was the much-advertised last bale of straw. Barney's kicking over the traces and upsetting the chariot of victory in such a crisis was too much for James Winton Shute. He spoke his mind:

"If Ford doesn't tie a can to you tomorrow, the so-called hundred-thousand-dollar infield will look like a plugged nickel. Barney, you're not worth a damn to anybody but the undertaker—and he'd be taking a long chance, for I don't know who'd give up a dollar to bury you. You're nothing but an ordinary bum."

There was a split second when it appeared likely that Barney would strike Shute. Tris Ford, who had crowded into the elevator unseen at the last moment, scenting trouble, contrived to worm his way in front of Barney. He gripped the pitcher's wrists and held them like a vise. The danger was averted. But that evening after dinner, when Shute was sitting in his room reading, the manager came to him and unbosomed himself. Together they discussed Barney's peculiar case from every possible viewpoint.

"You put him in his right class—a bum," began Tris.

"But I oughtn't have said it," admitted Win.

"Never mind about that—you were justified in saying most anything—you playing for the club when you should be in bed."

"Cut that out, Tris! I want the pennant—want to get into the World Series money again—you know it."

"So do we all of us," agreed Ford.

"And there'll be no pennant this season if we can Barney Larkin—that's a cinch." Tris Ford suppressed a sigh of pure relief. He now ventured to remark:

"If you boys want me to let Barney go, why—he goes! You won't have to say the word twice. It's up to you."

"We can't win without him—you appreciate that, Tris. He's a weakling, an we've got to get along with him somehow or other."

James Winton Shute exercised his gray matter for a brief space of time; then his face brightened, and he proposed:

"Have a scheme—why not appoint a keeper for Barney?"

"A keeper?" Tris smiled, but shook his head.

"Some one to look after him—never leave him a minute, 'cept when he's snoring," elaborated Shute.

"'Fraid he wouldn't stand for it," argued Tris; "and if he did, in a week he'd lead his keeper astray."

Win laughed. "But you don't quite get me. Barney musn't be wise to this keeper, and the keeper must be firewater proof."

"I got you—but where'd you find the man?"

"Right in our squad—Steadman—young giant left-hander we have."

"But I'm going to send him to the minors, to keep the squad down to twenty-five men." This was the league's rule—from May 15 to August 15.

"You were going to," corrected Shute with a grin; "but on second guess you've decided to keep him here to learn the pitching art from Barney Larkin—greatest left-hander of his generation."

Tris Ford flashed his smile of understanding. Then he asked:

"Why do you pick Steadman for the job of keeper?"

"Because he doesn't drink a drop, because in a scuffle he's heavy and strong enough to take care of Barney and put him to sleep, because Barney likes him, and because they have a great common bond."

"A common bond?" Tris looked incredulous.

"Sure—they're both disciples of Isaak Walton."

"You mean——"

"They'll fish all day, both of them, without getting a single bite, and go home happy at night."

"Say, I'll stock a trout pond near the ball park and build Barney a bungalow on the shore," said Tris.

Player and manager laughed with the fervor of a couple of kids.

"I'll revise my list and hold on to Steadman," promised Ford.

"If you say so," said Win, "I'll coach the youngster in his new position. Next to Barney, he likes me better, I think, than any man on the club."

"Next to Barney?" questioned Tris.

"Yes; I don't fish."

And thus, to the surprise of the catching force, was Earnest Steadman retained with the Giant-killers. Two men only, Tris Ford and Win Shute, shared Steadman's secret that he was officially the weakling's keeper. Steadman stuck to Barney Larkin closer than a brother.

"DAMON and Pisatorius," Shute had dubbed the pair. And, kept fairly well in leash, Barney Larkin was a big factor in the winning of many a ball game.

Before the season was embalmed in the Official Baseball Guide, Tris Ford exhibited the first signs of age. Long, lean, and immobile, never batting an eye in the most trying situations, he had been wont to follow the game from the dugout. A fiction there was that he signaled with his score card; but otherwise he was as impressive as the copperhead on a penny—until the homestretch of this nerve-breaking season. Then, as the scribes put it, he began to act like an ordinary, flesh-and-blood human being. He moved uneasily upon the bench, sometimes signaled brazenly to a player, and was occasionally known to give vent to disappointment or disgust by actually slapping his knee in public. He was not the same Tris Ford—not by an obstreperous nervous system.

But who, save a block of wood, wouldn't have allowed his deep concern to be occasionally seen? From the middle of August, when the Western clubs made their last journey East, the Giant-killers were scheduled, week after week, to "blow"—that is, to drop back in the race. This disaster threatened many times. Once the team was two full games behind the Red Sox, then leaders; but lowly Washington surprised the President, Vice-president, Senators and Congressmen by beating the Speed Boys four straight, and thus taking second place. Collaterally, the Senators helped the Giant-killers back into first position.

Came the very last week of the season with more excitement than the nation's fans had ever experienced. The pennants in both the major leagues were in doubt! The Giants, expected to "repeat" and again participate in the World Series, were to engage in a cutthroat struggle with the Phillies. If New York broke even, the championship banner would again float from the Giant's stadium. But if the Phillies won three out of four, then Father Penn would carry off the flag. This series opened on Tuesday.

In the American, the Giant-killers had to keep ahead to win. A game and a half separated Tris Ford's charges from the Chicago White Sox. Here, however, there was no rival clash. The two clubs had met for the last time, and honors were even. Washington must beat the Giant-killers and Chicago must win from Detroit in order to bring one end of the World Series into Lakeville. These two "deciding" combats began a day later.

The fan's diary had these entries:

Tuesday night—Phillies and New York tied in the National.

Wednesday night—Giant-killers still a game and a half ahead in the American; New York leading in the National.

Thursday before dinner—Teams tied again in the National; but a half game between Giant-killers and White Sox in the American.

Friday night—Phillies win the pennant!

On the same day the Giant-killers, with Barney Larkin on the rubber, defeated the Senators while the White Sox were whitewashing the Tigers. No change in their respective standing—two leading American League teams but half a game apart.

Immediately after the third game Tris Ford took Barney Larkin into his private office and talked to him as a father to his wild son. He rallied every ounce of manliness, of sentiment, of fighting blood there was in the eccentric left-hander. He told him he must face Washington again the next day—and bring home the bacon. The pennant was at stake!

"You will be a hero if you win," urged Ford, "pointed out by everybody as the man who pitched the Giant-killers to another championship. But if you lose, why—you'll be nobody."

Meanwhile, James Winton Shute was giving orders to Earnest Steadman, just as the Secretary of the Treasury would have directed the Chief of the Secret Service.

You mustn't lose sight of Barney one instant! If he insists on drinking, start a row, and get locked up—the both of you. We'll bail you out, but only in time to get from city hall to the park in a taxi. See!"

Earnest Steadman slowly nodded his head. "I have been every place but in jail with Barney." The keeper was a man of few words.

That night Tris Ford slept badly. Being younger and having done a big man's work out o' doors, Win Shute slept like a babe—the kind of kid you read about. Naturally Tris awoke with a feeling of depression, as if the Giant-killers weren't going to get the day's breaks. But Shute jumped out of bed singing: "Today we win the bunting!" Which goes to prove that premonitions are closely allied to the "morning after."

AT 2 O'CLOCK that fateful afternoon, when the last man left the locker-room for the field, Barney Larkin and Earnest Steadman had not reported at the park. For an hour, by order of Tris Ford, President Benn's limousine had been rushing about like a hack on election day, searching everywhere for the missing pair. In the business office the club's secretary had the telephone directory before him, open at saloons and cafes, and one after another the proprietors were called, beginning with Aiello, Michele, and ending with Zytniewski, Julian. Neither Michele nor Julian, not to mention the rum purveyors occupying the more intermediate portions of the alphabetical directory, had seen the erratic Barney or his slow-going convoy.

On another telephone, Win Shute, marring the oak furniture with his spikes, was calling the various police stations. He remembered his final instructions to Steadman, and was looking for results. But Larkin was not behind the bars—not yet. As a place of last resort, John Benn suggested that some one telephone the morgue. Some one did. "No one answering the description!"

"He's made his getaway," said Tris Ford, "there's nothing to that." The game was played with Cummins and Arrow in the points. Washington won.

Tris Ford left the grounds with a face as long as a rainy spell in April. But Win Shute was cheerful. An hour later he telephoned the manager:

"White Sox lose! Pennant's ours. Hoo-ray!"

"I know it—but what d' you s'pose has become of Barney?" were Ford's words. Already his quick mind was looking ahead—to the big battle for the world's emblem.

"He'll show up tomorrow—stop worrying and hug yourself tonight, Tris," counseled Shute.

"Well, I appreciate your grand work, Win—on and off the field," said Tris.

Next morning before 10 o'clock, his eye bright, his complexion clear, his step elastic, Barney Larkin turned up at the park. He grinned as he remarked:

"We won the flag, sure enough; am I right?"

"Where you been?" growled John Benn, son of the club's owner.

"Up State," answered Barney unconcernedly.

"What the devil you been doing?"

"Fishing."

"Fishing—this time of year?"

"Didn't catch nothing."

"You'll catch something when Tris sets eyes on you."

"Mebbe."

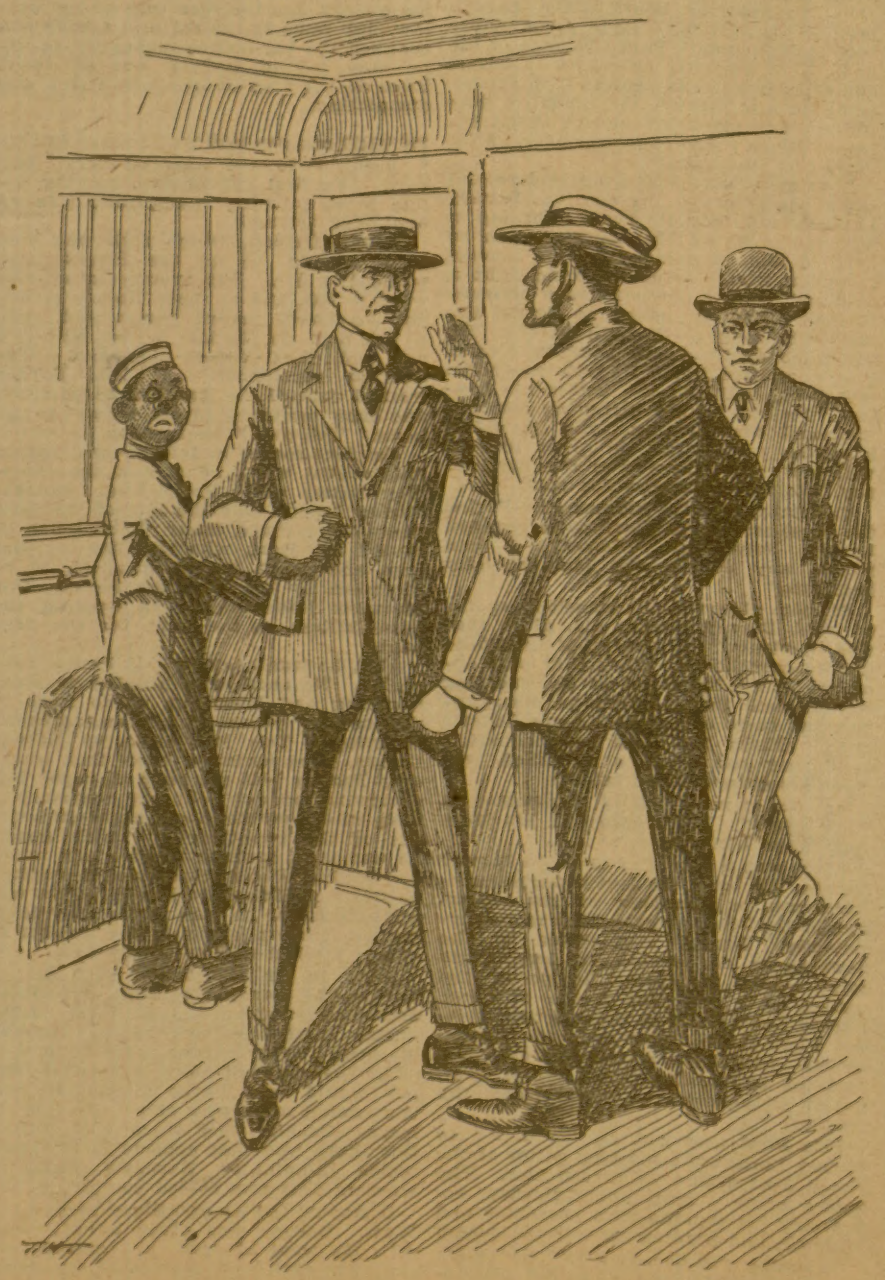
Barney took the most comfortable chair in the room, bit off a generous chew of tobacco, then picked up last night's pink extra, and began laboriously to spell out the "Flashes from the Diamond."

Elsewhere Earnest Steadman was explaining to his mentor, James Winton Shute. It appeared that Barney had developed a robust thirst, which would not be denied. Lacking confidence in the jail as a haven, the worried keeper, drawing heavily on his meager imagination, had faked the story of a marvelous trout pond up State. In the crisis he conjured up such a remarkable picture of the pond, which was "lousy with trout," as he expressed it, that Barney was seized with a sudden determination to go thither.

"I tried to make him wait until the pennant was cinched," explained Steadman, "but he said he always pitched better ball on a bellyful of trout. Thought I planned it to get back in time for yesterday's game."

"But I thought this was a phony pond?" said Shute.

"It was—the one I told Barney about. But I hunted up the nearest one in the



"I Don't Know Who'd Give a Dollar to Bury You. You're Nothing but an Ordinary Bum."

summer tour book of the Pennsy."

"Why didn't you get back?" demanded Win.

"Because Barney wouldn't come until he had one bite—kept putting off starting until he says, 'one speckled beauty rises to my fly.' None riz."

"You must have picked a fine pond," said Shute.

"I did. They's an intake there from a cam-a-bear cheese factory and it's killed all the fish."

When Win Shute talked with Tris Ford over the telephone about the disappearance, reappearance, and "fool explanation," Tris replied:

"Well, we've won the pennant, and they're here. What we got to figure on now is so's it won't happen again. Want to talk over the World's Series with you."

THERE was an entirely new element in the approaching blue-ribbon event. Of course the Giant-killers to a man wanted to win. It meant perhaps fifteen hundred dollars more money in each player's jeans. It meant, also, to continue to be known and pointed out as World Champions. And the club owners were out to win—keen to win. First and foremost for the glory of it. Then for the prestige it would give the Giant-killers all over the league circuit—rather, which they would continue to enjoy another season. There was a third reason, a very important reason.

Not once before in the thirty-five years of the club's existence had the Phillies won a pennant. Yet within ten years pennant winning had become something of a habit with the Giant-killers. Naturally, therefore, they had the call on the patronage of Father Penn's home town, having commanded popular favor for a number of seasons. This popularity was now in jeopardy. If the Phillies demonstrated that they were the better team, then the fans would turn to the new kings of baseball the next season. For the fan dearly loves a winner.

On form—relying on the weak brother, Barney Larkin—the Giant-killers looked to have a shade the best of the argument. This being so, why were the Phillies the favorites in the betting? Even money was at first the rule. But over in New York the gamblers soon had the odds hammered down until the Nationals were favorites at 10 to 6.

Gambling, Tris Ford abhorred, regarding it as the ever-present menace to the integrity of the national game; and if he thought a man, however prominent, or important, was seeking a line on the Giant-killers as a guide in betting, Tris would shut up like a steel trap. It wasn't the betting itself, but the information behind the odds, that troubled him.

It did not surprise him—why, he did not know—when he received a letter, special delivery, from the sporting editor of one of the New York papers. The man who wrote it loved fair play and clean sport, and looked upon Tris Ford as the apostle of the one and the exponent of the other. The letter read:

> In this town the gamblers are plunging on the Phillies. Regardless of form, your club is being forced down steadily in the betting. Jake Stinger and other big gamblers don't look upon this betting proposition as a "game of chance," not they. Gambling to them on such a scale means a sure thing. It is no secret on the inside. They say you have only one pitcher who can stop the Phillies, now at the top of their batting, and that is Barney Larkin. They boast that they have got him.
>
> Take this for what it's worth. You doubtless know Larkin—but I know Stinger's crowd. They are betting on a sure thing, or else somebody is fooling them most awfully. Anyhow, look out. Good luck.

After reading this letter to Win Shute, Tris Ford observed: "There's something behind those long odds—I've thought so right along."

"You don't think they could bribe Barney? With all his vices he wouldn't sell out, would he?" asked Win rather anxiously.

"Not for one minute," said Tris positively. "Money means nothing to him—leastwise, a great deal of money. I keep his coin for him—deal it out in small bits. I find he's as pleased over a two-dollar bill as he is over a five. And a tenner looks to him like Rockefeller's dividends for a whole day!

"The money end of it don't worry me," Tris repeated.

"Then what is bothering you?"

The manager of the Giant-killers hesitated, his expression becoming abnormally serious. "I don't know that I ought to speak of it even—it might get the idea started, if it hasn't already."

"What idea?" almost snapped Win Shute. "What's on your chest? If it's something threatening, we ought to plan to beat it. Tell me!"

Tris showed anxiety in his face.

"Kidnaping!—that's what I'm afraid of," he whispered to Win Shute.

"Kidnaping Barney Larkin? They'd have to blind and gag his giant keeper first."

"Oh, they'd manage that if they set out to try," said Tris gloomily.

James Winton Shute fell back on his gray matter. Then came the beam of dawning solution.

"We'll put some one to watch the keeper that watches the victim," he said.

"Who?"

"The best detective we can get in the city, with two strong-arm boys for a bodyguard."

And they did. Unknown to Barney Larkin, his piscatorial friend, Earnest Steadman, sat in front of his bedroom door, keeping watch. Unknown to Larkin and Steadman, downstairs the cleverest detective in the city kept vigil, reinforced by two able diamonds in the rough, very rough.

In his home, not three blocks away, Tris Ford tossed on the bed, unable to sleep. He had a vague feeling of impending disaster.

THE day of the first game of the World Series, all Philadelphia's own, was clear and mild, built to order by the gods for the American Olympian. There were crowds of hilarious people, parades, music and speculation—both idle talk and money talk. The odds closed 10 to 6 on the Phillies. If rumor was right, this was portentous.

Tris Ford deserted his private office shortly after high noon, and went to the locker-room—an unheard-of proceeding for him. Then he waited round impatiently. On the dot, as the clock pointed to 12:30, a triumphal procession moved ceremoniously into the presence of the chief of the Giant-killers.

At its head was Barney Larkin, a smile upon his boyish face and a cocky look in his eye that brought joy and comfort to the manager. Close behind was Earnest Steadman, also smiling. Next came an inconspicuous citizen, easily mistaken for a prosperous traveling man—the clever detective. Bringing up the rear were two low-browed fellows—either pugilists in ordinary or highly efficient piano shifters.

Tris Ford laughed. He couldn't help it. Altho the team, with one exception, was not a party to the deep, dark secret, the players plainly shared the relief which Tris Ford experienced at sight of Barney Larkin. They sang as they put on their uniforms, and one would have supposed, to look in upon them, that they were preparing for morning practice in the training season, instead of getting ready to fight for the highest honors of the town—and the popularity of the home town.

Wild tumult broke loose at sight of the Giant-killers, answering the yell which had gone up on the appearance of the Phillies. There were the usual preliminaries—all before the camera. There was snappy practice by the Nationals. Then the Giant-killers took the field, to limber up and get their grip on the ball and sure fire into their throws.

"Hit 'er out!"

An acute-sighted fan jumped up in his place back of first, and ignoring the shouts of "Down in front!" scanned the playing field from a point near second base to the Giant-killers' bench much as an anxious mother would look for her lost child. Then in agonized accents he demanded of space:

"Where's Win Shute?"

Eyes by the thousand traveled to the edge of the clay-base path in right. There an uneasy substitute was trying his hardest to accomplish the impossible—fill the spiked shoes of the king of second basemen.

What on the terrestrial ball did it mean? Was Tris Ford crazy?

Tardily, fifteen minutes after the hour set for the game to begin, the official announcer raised his megaphone and sing-songed the opposing batteries. The fans howled with delight when they heard that Barney Larkin was to pitch for the Giant-killers, altho they knew it, of course. But when the announcer added that Pervis was to "play second base in place of Shute," the fans gave loud vent to their disapproval. "What's the matter—Win Shute hurt?" they shrieked.

Around the vast assemblage, starting in the press box, flying thru the grandstand, leaping to the pavilions, reaching at last to the bleachers, sped the answer:

"He's disappeared!"

Gloom, impenetrable gloom, settled down upon a majority of the great throng—those who had come to help the Giant-killers win. Their quick minds were recalling what the rival manager, John Marlin, had given out after the Giant-killers downed New York. They remembered every word of it:

"I want to go on record as saying that Shute is the greatest ball player in the world. He wins more games for his club than any other man on the diamond today—and winning games is what counts in baseball. He was directly responsible for two of the games which his team won from us, and was there all the time in the other two victories. In defensive work he was easily the kingpin, breaking up our defense and making sensational plays around second base. The record shows that he led his own team in the attack. I say again—Shute is the greatest ball player in the world. With him no major-league team would be weak—without him the best team would be seriously crippled."

Seriously crippled!

Over in New York a few feet away from the ticker, which was announcing the beginning of play, Jake Stinger and his friends were already celebrating.

What has become of "Win" Shute, second baseman for the Giant-killers? The answer to this question will reveal the startling methods Stinger used to get rid of him. Read all about it in next week's Ledger.

The Lady and the Looker

By Emilie Baker Loring

"Believe in yourself and learn something from Anne Delaney." That is what the boss told Anne Otis, and it changed the trend of her whole life with big results.

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ANNE OTIS stared dumbly at the lean-faced, gray-haired man at the desk. Had her ears deceived her, or had the Eagle-Eyed, as the office force called the senior partner of Emery & Emery, really advised her to take a hint from Julia Delaney as to her appearance. When had he discovered that she, Anne, existed save as a cog in the machinery of his great law office? She compelled her thoughts to attention as he spoke again.

"It's not often that I intrude upon the affairs of my employes, Miss Otis, but I hate to see Mother Nature blocked. She designed your face for happiness; you're fast coating it with gloom. You have the making of an exceptional secretary. You are unselfish and considerate of those about you, but you lack faith in yourself; you're sloppy in appearance. That's what carries on—faith in oneself. The workers here call you 'The Lady.' They call Miss Delaney 'The Locker.' Why can't you be both?"

He picked up the papers on his desk. The action was as significant and indisputable in his office as a king's "Take her away!" in his court. The girl quickly closed the door behind her. Her eyes smarted; her cheeks were as signal flags. As she worked her employer's words reeled thru her head.

Anne's lips curled disdainfully as she stole a glance at the prescribed model. Julie looked like a modiste's mannikin. Her hair was tinted and shone like polished brass. Cheeks and lips were artistically, most realistically colored. Her clothing was the last word in fashion and immaculate. Not a lock of her hair, not a fold of her costume was out of place.

"She's the out-to-win spirit personified—plus," muttered Anne.

The signal flags deepened in hue as she glanced down at her own wrinkled collar. She hurriedly brushed back the lock of hair which would persist in languishing over one ear. Why should she be saturated with self-esteem? The young lawyers in the office never sought her but were continually tumbling over one another to secure Julie's help in court. Her glance flew to an empty desk. How often she had watched Gregory Wyndham's fine head bent over his work. He had been gone months now, and no one knew how much she missed his gayly courteous, "Good morning, Lady Anne!" But he, also, had been on the trail of the Delaney.

Anne's fingers moved mechanically as her thoughts traveled back to her first days in the office. Who had nicknamed her 'The Lady?' Perhaps she had appeared supercilious, but her manner had been but a cloak to hide her terror and loneliness at being suddenly bereft of home and kin. She had frozen Julie Delaney's friendly advances. She had hated the girl's artificiality. Men seemed to like it. Would it be better, she wondered, if Anne Otis thought more of her appearance and less of her background?

HOMEWARD bound she lingered for a moment to peer between the iron railings of the old burying ground. Anne shivered. After all, what did it count that her ancestors lay there? Nothing. What she could make of herself, what she could do to help, counted; nothing else.

Arrived at her room, Anne snapped the window shade to the top, that the late afternoon sun might pitilessly reveal her shortcomings in the streaked mirror which had reflected many a homesick, discouraged lodger before herself.

She stared back at her darkly troubled eyes, at her thin face, at the dusky mass of rumpled brown hair which made her slender figure top-heavy. Her thoughts flew to the words of the Eagle-Eyed. She knew now why he had been so named, he saw everything, everything.

"How can I have faith in myself when I face that in the mirror every day?" she whispered despondently. "I might try the power of will," she continued with a sarcastic twist of her lips which she observed made her plain face plainer still. Then suddenly:

"You lovely girl! You are some looker, you certainly are," she hurled at her reflection.

The absurdity of her statement brought a laugh to her lips. She drew back in startled consternation and glanced at the door. Had some one entered and looked over her shoulder? That couldn't have been her face. The girl who had laughed back at her had been pretty. She experimented again.

"Anne, my dear, you're a beauty!"

This time her brown eyes flashed with tiny gleams of gold, her lips curved in a cupid's bow, a deep dimple dented one of her flushed cheeks, her teeth had the sheen of pearls. A late ray of sunlight turned her hair to burnished copper. With a stifled exclamation she pulled out the pins and furiously assaulted it with a brush. When it lay a soft, shining mass on her shoulders, she sighed with satisfaction. With the solemnity of one making an irrevocable covenant she addressed the mirror girl.

"No more gloom stuff, Anne Otis. The out-to-win spirit for you. From this time on you are to believe that you are good to look at, that nothing is too difficult for you to achieve, that some day Gregory——" her voice trailed off into nothingness. She hurriedly avoided the eyes in the mirror.

A week after she had pledged self-faith, the Eagle-Eyed appeared in the outer office.

"Where's Miss Delaney?" he demanded.

"Not in yet," some one answered.

"Late!" he growled. "I'm summoned to court on the Kidder-Barnes case. I want her to take evidence. She knows all about it."

Anne's heart abandoned its well-ordered beating and shifted to double-quick as, with a professional snap of the band about her notebook, she rose and announced convincingly:

"I can take it, Mr. Emery."

She sensed the shocked surprise of the office force but stood her ground without flinching.

"Come along quick, then," he commanded.

ANNE'S cheeks were pink with excitement as she took her seat in the courtroom. Now if she could only make good——

"Remember, you're the most rapid, most accurate stenographer who ever entered this courthouse. Besides you're a beauty." She encouraged herself to steady the fingers which would persist in being ridiculously shaky. Her eyes flashed with laughter. That nonsensical tribute to her appearance never failed to amuse her. She glanced up to meet the where - in - thunder - have - I - seen - you-before expression in the eyes of the junior partner of Emery & Emery, who had just entered the bar. She had worked for the firm for over a year, but apparently he was seeing her for the first time. Anne bent demurely to her work and smothered a laugh.

"Movie stuff! The plot thickens," she thought. "Rich, sporty bachelor discovers that ugly-duckling stenog has become a swan. Close-up of the Bach, irresistible eyes narrowed in flirtatious anticipation." Anne's latent sense of humor had flowered into robust perfection with the growth of self-confidence.

Soon after the episode in the courtroom the junior partner took her on as his private secretary. Anne wondered if his brother disapproved, for she often sensed the elder man's keen, appraising look. She would have infinitely preferred to work for the Eagle-Eyed. Emery, junior, was either unbearably dictatorial or unpleasantly gallant.

THE book-lined, brief-packed main office of Emery & Emery vibrated with excitement. Gregory Wyndham had come back from the war. He was thin, worn, older looking by years than when,

at the first call to the colors he had enlisted. His smile was as infectious as ever, but the old, happy-go-lucky expression in his eyes had been replaced by a somewhat formidable strength of purpose. Anne's world tilted grotesquely when she looked up and saw him standing beside her, but steadied magically at the sound of his voice.

"It's good to see you again, Lady Anne."

Before she could answer Julie Delaney was beside them.

"Well, Lieut., it's sure wonderful to have you back!" Never had she looked more brilliant, more perfect, more tempting, Anne thought.

Wyndham laughed.

"Julie, you're the same good looker. They have nothing on you in Paris. You——"

"Glad you're back safe, Wyndham," interrupted Emery, junior. Tall, fair, with the debonair, dart-proof complacency of the middle-aged bachelor who evaded the matrimonial net successfully. "We've kept your place. Miss Otis, we'll get to work at once."

Anne was conscious that Wyndham looked in surprise from her to Julie Delaney. As she turned away she heard the girl's low toned explanation.

"Yes, she's in strong with the Bach. I'm not in it. Looks like wedding bells to me."

"What! That old——" Wyndham's tone was strained.

"Go easy on the May and December stuff, Lieut. Thin ice, my boy, thin ice. Remember he's your boss. Besides money talks, and ladies need a lot of it."

Anne resisted a mad impulse to slam her employer's door behind her as she entered his office.

Gregory Wyndham replaced his uniform with business clothes and returned to his desk. Anne rarely spoke to him. It was the busiest season of the year, and Emery, junior, kept her at work after the others had gone. He often left the office when she did tho he never went beyond the elevator door with her. Anne was hotly conscious of meaning smiles and shrugs among her co-workers, and Julie Delaney invariable hummed the wedding march at her approach.

ONE morning in January Wyndham entered the junior partner's office. With a noticeable grimness about the set of his jaw he asked if Miss Otis could be spared to assist him in court. The Eagle-Eyed appeared from his room at the same moment. He opened his lips, but before he could speak his brother answered.

"Take Miss Delaney. I need Miss Otis," he snapped.

With a white line about his lips, Wyndham went out.

Anne took a quick step after him, stopped and unconsciously looked appealingly at Emery, senior. He was regarding her with frowning intentness. She flushed to her hair, slipped into her seat and snatched her pencil.

She was thinking over the incident late that afternoon as she sat at her typewriter. Her eyes strayed to the bunch of violets on her desk. The Bach had presented them that morning, with a tone in his voice which she detested. She wondered if the fact that Wyndam had entered the room at that identical moment, had increased his ardor. She was sure that he had not counted upon the sudden appearance of his brother, for he had colored a deep and most unlovely brick red. Had the Eagle-Eyed noticed his detestable manner? What a muddle life was. A man whom she disliked was inclined to be friendly, the man whom she liked had smilingly left the office that afternoon with Julie Delaney. Perhaps it was better to be a looker than a lady after all.

"Anne, you're backsliding! You know you're a raving beauty," she reminded herself with a laugh. The door opened. Her eyes still shone with merriment as she looked up. The senior partner stood in the doorway.

"Why are you working so late?" he demanded; then before she could answer, "I have a ticket for the theater tonight which I can't use. Thought you might like it."

"I should love it."

"Here it is, then. Sorry I haven't two so that you could take a friend." He turned at the door. "The seat is down front. Better wear something er—er dressy," he advised in some embarrassment before he disappeared.

The girl looked after him in amazed surprise.

"The old dear! Apparently he still thinks me 'sloppy.' He hasn't noticed that the seed he sowed so many moons ago took root and flourished."

SHE made her way towards home in wrinkled-brow perplexity. What should she wear? She didn't own even a semi-evening frock. As she walked onward, she was caught in the tide of smartly dressed men and luxuriously fur-swathed women that surged along the street. The western sky was a blaze of crimson. The shops glittered with lights. The windows were a riot of beauty and color and temptation. Anne stopped before one of the most alluring. A frock like an irridiscent midst with gleams of silver fairly grabbed at her breath. It looked as tho it had been created to be crushed in a man's arms. Anne colored furiously. Now where had that thought come from? Whatever its source it had its effect. A determination to own the gown swept the girl with spring-freshet tempestuousness. It wasn't so much the gown itself that appealed, but what it stood for, youth, smartness, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, Anne argued to herself.

The fairies must have presided at the making of the gown and endowed it with adjustable charm, for it fitted to perfection. Arrayed in its loveliness Anne frowningly contemplated her serviceable street shoes. When she reached home she had not only the gown but all necessary dainty accessories.

As a culminating fling she ordered a taxi. For a wrap she wore an ermine stole which had been her mother's and which had just come into its own in the cycle of fashion. On the way to the theater her conscience wriggled and twisted at her extravagance, but subsided with a hopeless flap as she caught sight of herself in the foyer mirror. Anne had one breathless glimpse of her own splendor before she turned quickly in answer to the exclamation:

"The gods are kind, Miss Otis!"

"Sorry to Trouble You, Mr. Emery," He Said Fingering His Seat Check Purposefully.

It was the Bach. Anne was flamingly conscious of her ludicrous change of expression from simpering admiration of herself to frank dismay as she gazed up at the immaculately groomed, perfectly appareled, man before her. He didn't give her time to speak.

"Are you alone? Where is your seat?"

Without waiting for an answer he took possession of the check she held. With his air of all-conquering masculinity which she hated, he fairly hypnotized her into following him on a personally conducted tour down the aisle. Anne's thoughts were in a tumult. Could the Eagle-Eyed have planned this? In a moment she acquitted him. It was just a miserable coincidence. Emery, junior, indicated the second seat from the aisle, and she slipped into it devoutly hoping that there was no one whom she knew near to see her. He took the seat beside her.

"We are looking very lovely tonight," he murmured.

Anne was horrible tempted to snap, "Piffle!" Instead she said in a voice which fairly crackled with frost, "I am interested in knowing how it happens that your seat is next to mine."

"This isn't mine. Some solitary individual like myself is entitled to it. Mine is three rows back. When the owner of this seat comes I shall ask him to exchange with me."

His assurance maddened Anne.

"But how do you know that it does not belong to some one I am expecting?"

"If it does I'll bribe him to let me have it. I——" He stopped as a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Emery, but you're in my seat," a voice said.

Anne looked up. Gregory Wyndham towered above them, whitelipped, determined. He fingered a seat check purposefully. The color waved to the girl's hair as she realized that the people near at hand were giving the two men their undivided attention. The atmosphere was electric. Would the Bach protest? Would Gregory persist? The eyes of the two clinched for a moment. But it was only for a moment. With a laughing word to Anne, Emery rose. He laid his hand on Wyndham's tense shoulder.

"She said that she was expecting some one," he confided. "You military chaps have it all over the rest of us." He passed on up the aisle, and Wyndham took his seat as the curtain rose.

ANNE was grateful that she did not have to speak. She didn't sense much of the first act, she was too tinglingly aware of the vital personality beside her. When the curtain fell, the lights in the auditorium flared and the orchestra drowned the voices about her. She looked up. Wyndham's eyes met hers.

"Are you sorry that I turned him out?" he demanded gruffly.

That glimpse of herself in the mirror had armed and fortified Anne. She out-Delaneyed the Delaney in gay bravado as she answered:

"Why so high-handed? At least you might have said, 'By your leave?'"

"Oh, if you want him back I can get him." He started to rise.

"Greg!" in an imploring whisper.

Wyndham sank back in his seat. The fire died down in his eyes; his voice was jubilant.

"Was it true what he said? Were you expecting some one?" Then as she shook her head vigorously, "It's a bully piece of luck, anyway. The Eagle-Eyed gave me my ticket. Almost made me swear that I would use it before he delivered the goods. It's great that he didn't know who had the next seat, or he might have given this to the Bach. Then I couldn't have put him out," with a tightening of his lips.

Anne's thoughts whirled like a merry-go-round. So once more she had the senior partner to thank. He had seen the violets, had noticed his brother's tone when he presented them. He had sent Wyndham to meet her here. That was why he had been so insistent that she should be "er—er—dressy." What a dear he was.

When the curtain fell for the last time, Wyndham adjusted her fur with lingering care.

"Now we'll have a bit of supper," he announced authoritatively. "Don't protest," as her lips parted, "Fate is on the job tonight. Don't get her peeved by refusing."

"Why do you speak of Fate as a 'her?' I have reason to believe that Fate is a man," in a voice drenched in mystery. Then gayly, "I had no intention of refusing your com—invitation. I was about to say, 'Thank you, sir,' very prettily when you so rudely interrupted."

ANNE felt as tho she were swept along in a bewildering dream. When they entered the hotel where they were to have supper, it seemed as tho Wyndham must have dropped in on a family party, he returned so many bows and smiles. Before she realized where she was, she was seated at a softly-lighted table in a quiet corner, and across from her, super-super-distinguished in his evening clothes and with an air of infinite leisure, sat Gregory Wyndham. Was she really awake? She surreptitiously pinched herself. Wyndham ordered supper, then leaned forward and looked at her with determined eyes.

"Lady Anne, I want to talk to you seriously."

Anne's heart which had been conscientiously jogging along on the day's work, shot up like a rocket, then settled into heavy beating. She made a cautious advance behind a barrage of flippancy.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Any person having business before this court draw near and he shall be heard," she encouraged with mischievous eyes, but with lips a trifle unsteady.

Wyndham's eyes flamed, but his voice was gruff to neutralize the charm of her.

"Anne, you're adorable, but you can't sidetrack me. You've held me at arm's length ever since I came back, and it's got to stop."

"But—but—I'm a woman of affairs. I am secretary to the junior partner of Emery & Emery. I can't spend my valuable time with you—you boys in the outer office," in an affected drawl, but with a glint behind her long lashes which effectually discounted the scornful tilt of her chin.

"Oh, you can't? I have made up my mind that you will, with one of them."

The orchestra in the gilded balcony burst into a martial air which set Anne's pulses tingling and toes of her satin slipper marking time. She defied him gaily.

"Don't hurl orders at me, Lieutenant, I'm not a platoon." Then with a lightning change to exaggerated humility, "Don't look so savage. I will be good, really I will. You see I have been rushed with work since you came back, besides——" she became absorbed in an intricate pattern she was tracing on the cloth with a pink finger-tip, "besides, before you went away you liked to be with Julie, and——"

"Before I went away!" Wyndham echoed; "I've lived ages since then. I have always liked Julie; liked, not loved, you understand. I like her still for her big-heartedness, but, well, one who has seen what I saw on the other side can't stand for a make-up, no matter how artistic.

"Anne, do you think that the man who went overseas has come back the same? That one could see the horror, suffering, heroism I have seen, and not revalue everything? One night I was to lead my men on a raid. It seemed hours as I waited before the hand on the illuminated dial of my watch pointed to the moment. It came; I started. Then I had the most curious sensation. It was as tho I stepped out of my old self and left it like a discarded coat in the trench behind me. To the new self who went marching on nothing seemed worth while but that which was fine and good and true.

"Suddenly, vividly in the darkness flashed your face, your eyes smiling as they used to smile when I called you the Lady Anne. It was as tho the vision came in answer to my spiritual exaltation. After that you were in my mind always. I was never lonely because I had you. I lived over the days in the office. I remembered your unselfishness, your thoughtfulness, how perfectly the word lady, in its fine, old-fashioned meaning, suited you. My dreams of you kept me sane in the midst of horror. Then I returned and found the Bach at your heels every moment. Well, he can't have you. You belong to me. I found you out in No Man's Land."

"I am glad if I helped a little in those tragic days. Is—is it only the—the lady in me that you like or—or am I just a bit pretty to you—Greg?" Lips and tone were wistful.

The music stopped with a crash. In the sudden cessation of sound a man's voice at an adjoining table seemed to shout:

"Who's the girl with Wyndham? Believe me, she's some looker!"

Gregory Wyndham laughed softly. His eyes glowed with tender possession.

"Did you hear that? That's the answer to your question. Well, Lady and Looker, have I made it quite clear that you can't escape your fate? That some time you are to love me?"

Anne's eyes and lips were radiant as she leaned slightly toward him and quoted with adorable, laughing hesitation:

"If eventually, why not now?"

They Were Taking Moving Pictures, but It Developed Into a Serious Affair

WITH DESIGNS ON THE STAR

By Ralph Cummins

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FOR six days Director Wallace of the Lyon Features Company had been shooting western atmosphere in the wild desert adjoining the sleepy side-track station of Arroyo Bend. And during the whole six days John Wallace had raved at the unlucky streak of fate that had encumbered him with Fred Brown, the new juvenile lead. However, as the company drove up to the old adobe hotel at the close of the sixth day, the director was beginning to suspect that luck had little to do with it.

"Nothing stage-struck about that kid," he declared to Dave Short, his camera man, as they followed Brown and the doll-faced little star up from the machine. "He's got his eye on Verda, that's what. I'll bet that's why he worked his pull into this particular company. He wouldn't make an actor in a million years—that bird. He don't even try to get his stuff over—just acts as if all he had to do was to moon at Verda and carry her make-up box." The tubby little director mopped his round face with a handkerchief and stamped into the hotel office.

Fred Brown was straight and lean and athletic, with a big freckled face that just ate up the grease paint, and a pair of mocking eyes that were almost too blue to photograph. He was fresh from college and mighty proud of an old U. S. sweater that he wore over the rags of his costume. When not working he was an object of envy and wonder, for his everyday clothes were vivid, unlimited and expensive. He never had worked in pictures before, and as an actor he was a miserable joke. Everybody knocked him—except Verda Moore. The little near-child star was his only champion, and there could be only one reason why she chose to take his part in the face of the director's wrath, for the careless, blundering juvenile lead was always grinning at the wrong time, or stepping squarely in front of Verda, or otherwise ruining her scenes.

DIRECTOR WALLACE'S hoodoo must have been busy that sixth night, for he rushed from the office into the musty court of the old hotel, crumpling a telegram in true movie fashion.

"What do you think of this, Verda?" he sputtered to his star, who was seated on a stone bench beside the gorgeous Brown. "Old Morton won't let us use his Sentinel Mill!"

"He won't?" Miss Moore frowned with a delightful drawing together of her expressive brows, and edged over from her companion.

"I can't understand it," growled Wallace. "Old D. K. never turned me down before. I've shot his mines and lumber mills and logging camps and railroads for six years. I was so sure it would be all right that I didn't do anything about the permission until this morning. Then I wired him at his San Francisco office saying that we were down here and would like to use his Sentinel Mill in a few shots."

The red-faced director tore a dead cigar from his teeth and hurled it from him.

"Listen to this!" he snarled, smoothing the yellow sheet: "'Like and be hanged—nothing doing,' and it's signed by D. K. Morton himself."

"That's strange," said Miss Moore. "I always thought Morton was a prince. Father used to swear by old D. K.—they were prospecting partners once, you know. I met him when we were doing that lumber woods picture and he was awfully nice. I wasn't a star then, and he didn't know I was his old partner's girl, either."

"Something's soured him on pictures," declared Wallace. "Maybe some company's played him a dirty trick."

"Huh!" sniffed Brown, peering at his freckled face in a tiny mirror and wiping an imaginary streak of grease paint. "Don't let a little thing like that worry you. Go out and shoot it anyway." He looked up with a grin that only partly hid a peculiar glint in his mocking blue eyes. "I'll tell you what—I'll drive over to that mill and do business with the super. I'm some little diplomat, I am. Arguing professors out of their first notions and cross country running was about all I was good for at college."

"It would be worth a hundred," mumbled Wallace, "but it won't do. It might queer me entirely with old D. K."

"Not if you forget all about it. The old—D. K. never would hear about it, and if he should—why, just make me the goat."

"Maybe it could be done," admitted the director grudgingly, his eyes on the big desert automobile that stood in the street. "But after the way you fizzled that rescue scene today, I don't think you could do anything right."

The young man laughed good naturedly. "I should worry if I'm a rotten actor. But this isn't acting—I can pull the real thing fine. Besides, I'm just aching to get my hands on the wheel of that big car." He shot a quick glance at Wallace, then chuckled as if at a great joke, and ran down to the machine. Grinning at Verda, and waving his hand cheerfully, he departed on his mission.

"Now, Mr. Wallace," flared the actress, "you were unfair to Mr. Brown on that location today. You don't explode like that over the others' mistakes."

"Oh, I know Verda. It's just the idea of that bird being wished on me because he has some kind of a pull with the old man. He's not an actor and he seems proud of it—he just won't take it seriously. I don't care if this lead part is only a three-dollar extra's job—this kid can't play it. Here I engaged that bunch of horses and riders for one day and they had to go home to their ranch tonight and I won't be able to get them again. And this fool kid had to ruin that big scene by trying a crazy stunt with that wild horse—and now I'm held up on this mill stuff—bah!" He raked his wide Panama over his eyes and strode away.

SOME time after dark three dust-coated troopers rode up to the hotel to spend the night. After supper they smoked cigarettes in the court and added to John Wallace's amazing store of general information.

"There's one troop of us," explained the corporal, in reply to a leading question. "We're stationed at San Bonito. That's on the line about thirty miles from here—just this side of White Mountain that you can see all over the country. Oh, we're just here to look out for raids like they had down in New Mexico. There's a bad hombre holds out just across the line—he's apt to go on a tear 'most any time."

Fred Brown returned about twelve, white with soda dust and grinning. Verda and Wallace, who were waiting in the court, regarded him anxiously.

"It's all right for tomorrow." Brown addressed Wallace, but his eyes were on Verda. "I fixed it with Hermann, the super—some little fixer, I am. There's only five men left at the mill, tho, so if you need any extras you better take 'em along. The Mexican crew up there all quit today."

"That sounds pretty easy to me," muttered the director, "How did you do it?"

"Oh, I talked Hermann into it," Brown replied, a little too carelessly. "It isn't to cost anything, either."

"Well, it's lucky, and it fixes us out. We'll get those mill scenes and go home tomorrow night. I'll fake that rescue scene when we get home. The folks I don't need might as well hit it for Los Angeles in the morning. Let's see—I'll only want Verda and you, and Dave and the prop man. I'll let the assistants go back with the bunch." He hurried away to awaken his assistant and arrange for shipping the bulk of the company home on an early train.

"I'm glad you did it," murmured Verda, smiling up at her leading man. "Now, maybe the chief won't be so mean to you."

"Aw, I don't care for his roasting. I'm not married to this acting job. I'm going to quit just as soon as—as things come right. Say, Verda, you'd like to quit, wouldn't you?"

She laughed with a musical ripple. "Oh, please don't make me laugh—with my lips all cracked by the sun. Quit two hundred a week—me—with two brothers to educate."

"Aw, but Verda"—he grinned nervously, shuffled his feet, and started to brush dust—"well,—I—got to roll out that station agent and send a wire. See you in the morning." He hesitated as if there were more he would like to say, then left her abruptly.

With a Pitying Cry the Girl Ran to Him.

D. K. MORTON'S mine was situated back of the desert, while the stamp mill that reduced the ore was built at the nearest water, twenty-five miles from the mine, the rock being hauled by mule teams and motor trucks. The mine was rich and the little twenty-stamp mill turned out a monthly clean-up that old D. K. couldn't overlook, millionaire tho he was.

The mill was plastered against the side of a swale-like gulch. Around it clustered the office, cook shack, and a number of small board cabins. On the sentinel-like point above the mill, where the precious spring oozed from the desert, the ruins of an old stone house overlooked the little valley.

Wallace and his company drove up to the mill office at ten o'clock. A short, heavy man, with dark features, and a muddle of Spanish and German accent, shouted greeting. He walked up beside the machine, and his beady little eyes sought thru the car until they found Fred Brown. He started to growl a salutation, but the boy's quick movement as he jumped out, interrupted the welcoming words.

"Good morning, Mr. Hermann," called Brown. "This is Mr. Wallace, the boss. He'll tell you what we want."

"My Mexicans—they haf all queet," grumbled the superintendent, in his German-Spanish lingo. "Campo—de bandeet—he ees cross de line yesterday!"

Dave Short set up his camera; the prop man unslung his bag from the running board; Verda Moore touched up her make-up with the aid of a powder puff and a little mirror; Fred Brown removed his green sweater and adjusted the tatters of his scanty costume. John Wallace became all business.

"Now, let's hustle," he urged, "and get done early—there's only eleven scenes. We'll get the stuff in front of the mill first. Now, these are the scenes that go just before that climax we were trying to get yesterday. Brown, you run in from the mill carrying the bar of gold. We got the interior of that, you know, at the studio. You're taking the gold out to save it from the gang, but Verda thinks you are stealing it and follows you. All ready—let's try it once."

After those three scenes, two of which had to be retaken on account of Brown's

awkward exits, they got a few shots of the star in front of the cabins, with the mill looming in the background.

Hermann, the superintendent, with a big pipe hanging from the middle of his enormous mouth, and with his face disfigured by a sarcastic smirk, stood around and watched. Once he walked up and spoke to Fred Brown, but the boy seemed uneasy at the attention and moved away rather abruptly. Hermann merely shrugged, however, and swaggered down to the automobile, where he spent a long time examining the machine curiously, and discussing the motor's mechanism with a couple of his men.

"Now I want a shot of Verda and Fred up at the spring," announced Wallace, after the company had eaten their sandwich lunch. "Then one more scene down on the trail and we're thru."

As Brown concluded the pleasant task of assisting the star up to the spring beside the stone ruins, a man on a lathered horse dashed into the street below, threw himself from his mount and rushed into the office. In a moment Hermann ran across to the mill, followed by his men.

"I'm going down," said Brown at once. "There's something up."

Wallace and the camera man followed him. They found Hermann and his men crowded into the tiny laboratory. The superintendent was dumping bars and buttons of gold into two canvas sacks.

"Campo!" spluttered the German, when he saw the newcomers. "He ees coming. I veel safe de cleanup." He hesitated, and his questioning glance wavered to the face of Brown, in whose too-blue eyes the mocking light had died.

"Don't mean you'd run off and let him clean the place, do you?" demanded the boy.

"Dey schust ofer de hill come—ve cannot stop 'em."

"Maybe he's right at that," put in the director. "I guess we better grab those two scenes and get out of here."

"You needn't bother with the cleanup," said Fred Brown, crowding in beside the bench upon which the sacks lay; "we'll take it in the machine."

Hermann gave him a sharp look and shrugged his shoulders as if with relief. "Goot!" he exclaimed, as he led the way out. "I veel not haf to bother weeth it."

Without glancing at the puzzled director, Brown shouldered one of the sacks and jerked his head toward the other.

"We better pack this around until they get away. I found out last night that Hermann was figuring on beating it because that Campo had crossed the border."

AS THEY reached the street a rattle of shots sounded in the gulch above, and a small body of horsemen appeared. Brown and his companions scrambled up the point. They found the star gazing with wide eyes at the charging horsemen; the prop man was pawing thru his bag for cartridges.

As Brown dropped his fifty-pound sack of bullion, a familiar sputtering roar came up from the camp. He looked in time to see their machine swing into the road below the mill and disappear around the bend in a cloud of dust.

"That Hermann's swiped our car," he said quietly.

Wallace swore, and the prop man took a wild shot at the racing machine.

To the crashing of rifles and heavy six-shooters, the gang dashed by in the street below. The bandits sighted the escaping car and gave chase for a hundred yards. Then they returned and held a pow-wow in the street, which resulted in several pointing at once to the trail up the bank. They discovered the stone ruins and started up.

"Now we'll get a chance at them!" growled Brown, loading the automatic which he had taken from the prop man. "Don't be afraid of hitting 'em. They mean business. There's only eight—let's get some of 'em."

The raiders were all very dark, and were dressed for the most part in odds and ends of Mexican army uniforms. Their shrill sneering voices, villainous gestures and sinister guns removed all doubt of their murderous purpose.

When they were part way up, Wallace mounted the wall to demand an explanation. But in a twinkling the leading bandit jerked up a cannonlike six-gun and fired. The bullet spatted sharply against the stones.

"Do they mean business?" snorted Dave Short, as the director tumbled back. "I should just reckon!"

Immediately the party behind the wall opened up with their two bullet-loaded automatics, and three blank-shooting revolvers. There was instant confusion in the ranks of the attackers. The man in the lead clutched his arm and dodged ludicrously down the slope searching for shelter. His companions fired a few shots and ran back to the protection of the buildings. At once they began a systematic sharp-shooting campaign with their Winchesters.

Verda Moore's face showed white around the edges of her makeup. Fred Brown, with an automatic in one hand and a harmless smoke and noise gun in the other, looked down at her with an anxious frown.

"Don't worry," he said soothingly. "They'll pick up what stuff they can carry and pull out."

"Don't you think it!" declared Dave Short. "They know now that we've got the cleanup."

"But there's only eight of them"—Brown laughed lightly and made a face at Short—"and one of them's out of business. Surely we can hold 'em off."

"Not if they find out how we're fixed for ammunition," countered Wallace. "This is a fine position, but we can't hold 'em off with rocks."

"Oh, somebody'll hear the shooting," argued the boy. "Those soldiers are scouting all around this country. Besides, we might give them the gold. I guess they wouldn't bother us then."

As Wallace shook his head doubtfully, one of the bandits rode up the point on a limpy bay pony and waved a whitish rag.

"He wants to talk," decided the director, and climbed the wall again.

"Yo geev us th' gol'," shouted the Mexican.

"Sure," prompted Brown. "Toss it out to him."

But Verda poked her pretty blonde head too far thru the opening before her. The bandit saw the girl and his swarthy face broke into a fiendish grin.

"Si, yo geeve th' gol' we go—we no trouble yo."

"Oh!" cried Verda, drawing back. "He saw me!"

"Yes," snapped Brown, "and we can't trust that animal. We better fight.

"Beat it!" he yelled to the Mexican, and banged away with a .45 blank.

The bandit snarled viciously, wheeled his horse and galloped back to his companions. Immediately a ragged volley roared from the street.

JUST before sundown two Mexicans rode a wide circle around the point. Evidently they found the flanks and rear so bare of cover as to make attack by their small force hopeless, for they returned to the main party and shortly the beleaguered garrison of the ruins saw a horseman leave the street, clatter up the trail and disappear in the gulch above.

"After reinforcements," fretted Wallace. "Now we will be in for it. Campo and the main band probably swung over to raid the mine. They're sending for the boss now."

For a long time Brown was silent, his eyes fixed upon the silhouette of White Mountain rising twenty miles to the west.

"Didn't those soldiers say this morning that they were camped right under that mountain?" he asked at last.

"Yes." Verda was the only one interested enough to reply.

"Well, the main gang can't get here till morning. I can have help here by then."

"Oh!" cried Verda.

"How?" queried Wallace.

"Those soldiers," explained the boy eagerly, indicating the distant White Mountain.

"Why," sniffed the director, "their camp is twenty miles from here."

"I know—but I can make it."

Wallace chewed a dead cigar, while Verda's eyes glowed in the darkness.

"If you think you can," mumbled the director, "but it's impossible."

"It's not impossible!" cried the star. "I know he can do it. And it's our only chance. I'm awfully afraid to have you go," she murmured to Brown, "but I know you can do it."

"Sure I can do it." He began stripping the costume rags that covered a pair of faded green trunks. Then he pawed his old green sweater from around his make-up box. He paused over his shoes with a doubtful shake of his head. "Darn this faking new shoes up to make 'em look old. These are stiff as the dickens! Well, so long, folks. I'll have the soldiers here by daylight. Don't worry."

He shook hands with Wallace and extended his hand to Verda.

"You'll be careful, won't you, Fred?" murmured the girl.

"Sure—but, say—I wish you wouldn't call me by that old-stage name. Fred! Huh! Funny I couldn't think of a real name. Say—just call me Dan when I come back." For a moment he looked down at the white splotch on her face, then slipped into the darkness of the clump of weeds that bordered the spring.

VERY cautiously Brown crawled to the top of the ridge, then made a wide detour to the arroyo below the mill. Once upon the limitless stretch of the desert, he turned his face toward the spot on the horizon, hitched at his green trunks and broke into a trot.

There was no road or trail, only open spaces of sand between clumps of sage and cactus. The sand was heavy, the sage often choked the openings, and the cactus tore stinging scratches into his bare legs. He had not been half an hour on the way when the pangs of thirst brought violent regret.

"Darn a fool! Why didn't I bring some water? Twenty miles! Huh!"

Two hours of straining misery, with new stiff shoes blistering his feet, cactus spines burning his legs, and the grind of mighty effort gripping nerve and muscle. The perspiration dried, his mouth and tongue grew raw, a buzzing sounded in his head. Ages passed. A sorrowful moon rose and lighted the open, yucca-studded spaces. A heart-breaking wash, miles wide, cut across the boy's route. Many times he fell while crossing it and sometimes he did not rise at once. A coyote challenged mournfully from a sand hill. The dark hump of White Mountain beckoned from the same illusive distance.

He stumbled at last into a wagon road. No longer did he trot, shoulders back, knees lifting, feet springing briskly to the front. He just reeled now, and staggered, and hoped. Each step was but a dragging of a pain-racked leg to catch a toppling, falling body. His vision became blurred. The pebbles in his mouth grew salty from the blood of raw lips.

A dog barked. A fence loomed on either side. The glorious music of flowing water tinkled from an irrigation ditch beside the road. Adobe buildings sprang up in front.

From the luxury of the life-giving water, Brown stumbled on to a flag pole and a lighted window. A sleepy sergeant with a lantern and limp, came out at his wild halloo.

"The soldiers!" cackled the boy. "I want the soldiers!"

"Looks like you wanted a bath," grumbled the sergeant, holding up his lantern. "There's no soldiers here, son. Just the cook and me—a cripple. They all pulled out on a hike last night."

Brown gasped out his story. The sergeant shook his head sympathetically.

"It's too bad. Wish I could do something, but I can't leave. There's an automobile stage stopping all night up at the store. And I saw the sheriff riding up that way last night."

"Au'mobile!" mumbled Brown. "I'm a nut on au'mobiles!" He hitched at the remains of his green trunks and shuffled on up the dark road.

THE long night passed at the spring above Sentinel Mill. With the morning sun there came to the garrison of the ruins, a clatter of horses' hoofs.

"It's fight now!" cried Wallace. "Here come twenty-five or more of those devils. I bet that's Campo himself in the lead."

The new party dashed down and halted before the mill. For a time there was a jumble of high-pitched voices ,above which rose an insistent demand to "Keel th' Gringoes!"

Evidently a mounted charge did not appeal to the bandits, for they left their horses in the street, swung well around the rocky point and started up. Shortly they settled themselves behind a ledge and began battering the wall with their Winchesters.

"Give me that other box of shells," Wallace called to the prop man. "This is the last magazine full."

"The other box is blanks!" the prop man whispered in his chief's ear.

Wallace glanced down at the gun in his hand, then looked over at the huddled, bedraggled little figure of the star. He poked the automatic into his pocket and took up the big six-shooter that Brown had used.

"Well, dig up some more .45 blanks then. We'll wake 'em up, anyway."

But it did not take Campo's gang long to conclude that there was no danger in the noise and smoke. They became bolder and edged forward until, suddenly, Wallace saw half a dozen dark faces less than a hundred feet away. He reached for the automatic.

THE director's hand paused at his hip and his body grew rigid. A gasp that was a sob shot from his lips. Then his wild, joyful yell rang down the arroyo. The street below the mill was alive with khaki clad troopers.

Ten minutes later, under the warm morning sun, and reacting to the cheering aroma of coffee, Verda Moore threw off her daze and cornered the boyish lieutenant.

"I suppose you left Mr. Brown in camp," she said. "Did he have a hard trip?"

"Brown? What trip?"

"Why, our man who went for help—Fred Brown."

"I didn't see him. He didn't——"

"What's that?" demanded Wallace. "You say Brown didn't show up—how the devil did you happen along, then?"

"Orders from San Francisco," replied the officer. "Old D. K. Morton has a pretty strong pull with the military in this district. He's had some underground news of this raid, I suppose, and asked for protection for his property."

"That was lucky," declared Wallace. "I didn't think that kid could make it. He's probably laid out along the trail somewhe e."

"He is not!" cried Verda, anxious tears in her eyes. "Something's happened to him! Oh——" she whirled impulsively to the lieutenant—"can't we do something?"

The clear-eyed soldier sensed a romance and coughed back a grin.

"When did your messenger leave?" he asked.

"Just after dark."

"Well, we left camp at San Bonito at eight last night, so he probably showed up long after we left. We got switched off following a suspicious automobile loaded with crazy Dutch-Mexicans."

"Can't you find out about him?" pleaded Verda.

"Sure we can telephone from——"

The morning quiet was shattered by the clash of changing gears and the panting exhaust of an automobile. All eyes shot up as a big car, crowded with men, skidded round the bend and thundered up the grade.

John Wallace, picture maker, glimpsed a familiar figure in the machine.

"Here, Dave!" he called. "Let's get this. There's more than one way—when a man can't act just catch him wh he ain't looking. Verda, here's your returning hero. When I get him started, you run in and meet him at the mill door. And make him play up to you!"

Wallace stepped in front of the machine. The brakes squealed as the car halted to avoid running the director down. A dozen heavily-armed men crawled stiffly from the car calling familiarly to the troopers.

Then a big man with a star on his shirt pocket helped from the tonneau a dust-coated form wrapped in an army overcoat.

INSTANTLY Wallace was beside the reeling figure. Deftly he stripped off the overcoat, and half lifted the dazed boy until he could remove the felt slippers that covered his bare feet. Then the director sprang aside.

The little star screamed and ran forward. The boy lurched into the open space before the mill.

"Camera!" snapped Wallace. "Not so fast, Verda!"

This actor was not the fresh college kid they had known. A rag of sweater hung from one shoulder. The once green trunks were grimy with dried sweat and soda dust. His legs were raw from a thousand bleeding scratches. His bare feet left brown smears of blood where he stepped.

The boy limped toward Verda, a grin cracking the alkali-crested features. With a pitying cry, the girl ran to him and threw her arms around his neck. A splotch of blood marked her white chin as she tried to smile up at him.

"Cut!" cried Wallace. "That's fine!"

Evidently the two did not hear him, for they held their positions and continued the scene.

"Oh, you poor boy," murmured Verda.

"I see you—made out all right," stammered Brown.

"Hey!" yelled the director. "That's all! We've got it!"

Still the two clung together.

"I guess you know now—why I butted into pictures—don't you?" queried the boy.

Her reply was to clutch him tighter and to burrow her blonde head into the rag of sweater.

"Say, you folks, break away!" called the grinning Wallace, "I got the scene."

Verda squirmed, but the boy held her

"What do we care about your old scene," he retorted, his red-rimmed eyes full of their old mockery. "You can't order us around like that, old man. We're thru—we resign. . . No more of this picture game for us." He bent tenderly over the yellow curls. "But I'm sorry I fizzled this real hero stunt. The soldiers were gone somewhere when I got to San Bonito, and it took me the rest of the night to hustle up the sheriff."

Suddenly his eyes rested upon the camera squarely before them. His grin broadened as he gently released himself from Verda. With a cackling laugh he staggered forward. Before Dave Short could guess his intention, the boy caught up the tripod, and with a deft swing smashed the film magazine from the top. Four hundred feet of hard-won negative unrolled in the glaring sun.

"Ho!" chortled the juvenile. "You're off—we weren't posing for our pictures, were we, Verda? If you want news stuff wait and get us coming out of the church."

He thought of the soldiers. "How did you happen over this way?" he asked the lieutenant.

"We didn't happen. This is where we were headed for. You see, old D. K. Morton has quite a pull——"

"Well, I'll be——" The battered boy collapsed upon the stone step and tried to scratch his head. "Darned if I didn't forget all about that!"

"Why, Fred—er—Dan!" exclaimed Verda. "What's the matter?"

"I—you see"—he grinned weakly—"why, I wired D. K. the other night that Campo was on a raid and that Hermann was going to pull out."

"You wired Morton!" sputtered Wallace. "How——"

He had no ears for the director. He had observed that the girl's arms were gone from around him. He reached up and drew her down beside him on the step.

"What became of the clean-up?" he asked.

Wallace assured him that the gold was safe.

"That's good. Verda and I are going to need some of that for a little honeymoon."

"What do you mean?" roared the director. "Your run must have driven you crazy!"

"Not quite. That clean-up'll be mine just as soon as D. K. learns that I've quit picture acting and am going to marry old Jim Moore's girl. You see"—he twisted his cracked lips into a bantering grin and drew the wide-eyed girl closer—"you see, D. K. is my dad!"

There Are Startling Developments in This Installment of This Big Story

By Law of Tooth and Talon

A Review of the Story

BIG LOUIE VOGEL, crook and gangster, after a meeting with Lebrune, the Bolshevist "higher up," promises to kidnap Judge Graham, in whose court a group of "Red" conspirators are about to meet their fate. He accomplishes his purpose and disappears. In the meantime, "Red Stell," a girl whom he saved from starvation, calls up "Silver Danny's" saloon to find out what has become of Louie. Charlton, a Government agent in the place, hears the conversation and connects the incident with the visit of the notorious Lebrune to the saloon and the disappearance of the Judge He visits Stell to find out what she knows about Vogel, but learns nothing. As he leaves, Lebrune comes up the hall and forces his way into Stell's room. From their conversation he learns that Stell has been admitted to the Inner Circle. The girl struggles with him and at that moment Vogel returns and forcibly ejects Lebrune, who goes away thirsting for revenge. Vogel and the girl decide to run away and hide from the law. They first go to the shack where the Judge is kept and warn their comrades. Vogel forces Lebrune, who has followed, to go away. They take the Judge with them in their machine. Charlton goes to Stella's room and discovers a note directing her to go to the book store. He takes her place and is admitted as a messenger to the Inner Council, discovering their plans. Lebrune also gives him information about Neilson, whose trial is pending, and a million and a quarter dollars of Bolshevist funds. He and Lebrune go to the deserted cabin. Charlton's badge slips off and Lebrune fires at him. Alfred Graham comes to the rescue. Milton, chief of the local secret service, swears in Alfred Graham and gives his consent to a pursuit of Stella and Big Louie to the Cove.

This story began in No. 15, the Ledger, dated April 12. Back copies may be obtained thru this office, our agents, or newsdealers.

By Marvin Moore

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CHAPTER XII.

THE JUDGE PLAYS APOSTLE.

JUDGE GRAHAM regained consciousness to find himself in a rude bed, ministered to by what he at first mistook for an angel with red hair. As his brain cleared, however, he realized that she was only a very pretty girl. He did not speak immediately but let his eyes rove about the room. He at once discovered that he was sheltered in a log cabin of some kind, that the air was clean and sweet and pure and that from the outside there drifted to him thru the window the sound of the voices of women and children and now and then the gruff talk of a man. He heard, too, as from a distance, the lowing of cattle, the occasional nicker of a horse and, sweetest sounds of all, the singing of birds.

"Hello, there," he finally exclaimed, and the girl, busy at some task in a corner of the room, quit it to come to his bedside.

"Good morning, Judge," she replied respectfully. "I am glad to see you've come to at last."

"You know me then," he replied, not unkindly, for how could one be gruff with this radiant nurse.

"Yes, sir. You are Judge Graham."

"Where am I? How did I come here? I don't seem to remember very much since I was ——" He paused uncertainly.

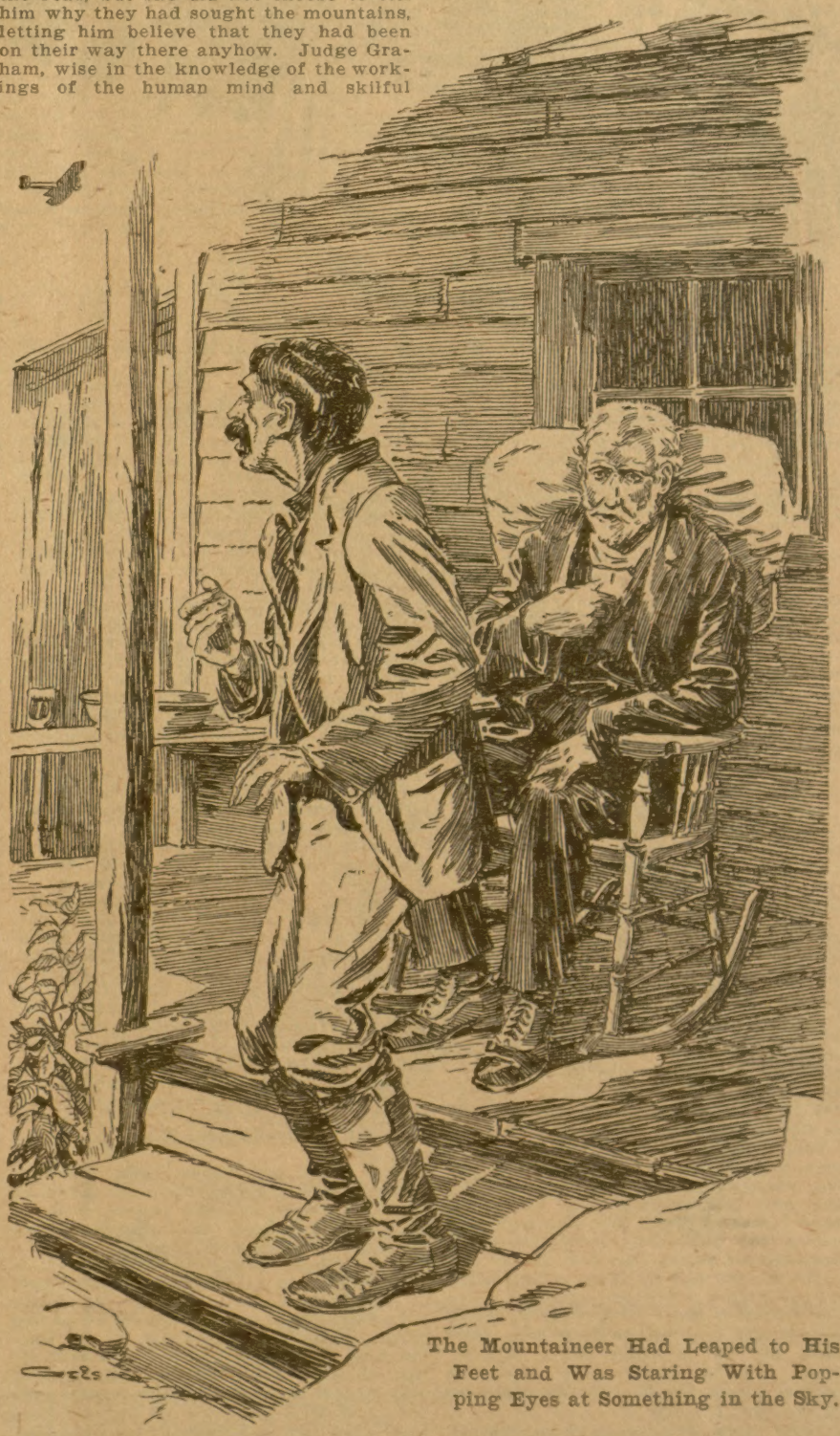
"You were in the cellar, you mean, sir? Louie and I brought you with us, and you were quite sick, sir, and I held you in my arms. You seemed out of your head and you d—d somebody. I couldn't quite make out who it was, but he seemed to be trying to make you do something and you were refusing."

"Yes, I remember that," and the old Judge's face assumed the sternness with which he was wont to face offenders. "But that doesn't answer the questions I asked you as to where I was, how I got here and what is being done to me."

"You are in the mountings, Judge," replied Stella Lathrop, for it was she. "In my home, and pap says you are welcome to stay as long as you like to, or until you get able to travel. We don't aim to keep you here against your will, sir, but you have been sick and mam says it would be flying in the face of Providence for you to try an' move 'till you git well an' strong."

Her first momentary embarrassment over, the girl had dropped her prim, citified manner of speech and had spoken in the tongue of the mountains where she had been born and raised. Back amidst the surroundings which to her were home, she had in a moment been stripped of the things which she had learned in the underworld and again had become the child of Nature.

Gently urged by the old jurist, she told him how she and Louie had taken him from the cellar where he lay a captive and had brought him with them in an automobile to this place. She mentioned that they had been two days on the road, but she did not choose to tell him why they had sought the mountains, letting him believe that they had been on their way there anyhow. Judge Graham, wise in the knowledge of the workings of the human mind and skilful



The Mountaineer Had Leaped to His Feet and Was Staring With Popping Eyes at Something in the Sky.

reader of faces, sensed that she had left out a part of the story and, respecting the fact that she seemed to wish that portion left untold, did not press her with questions. It was inconceivable that this girl had had any hand in his kidnaping and the story she told, straightforward as it had been, left much to be desired if he were to have an accurate account of what had happened to him since he had rejected the overtures of the man who had sought to bribe or threaten him into clemency for the Bolshevists on trial in his court.

"And why did you do all this for me, an old man, a stranger, whom you had every reason to believe dying?" he asked when she had concluded. Her eyes sought him, held them for a moment, then dropped.

"You look like my pap, sir," she replied simply.

"God bless your kind heart, my child," said the Judge. "I'll never forget that answer, or you. I suppose there are rewards offered for my return?"

"I don't know, sir. I didn't read the papers."

HE LET her go then. Almost immediately a lanky mountaineer, with grizzled hair and beard, clad in homespun, appeared in the doorway. His rusty hat was held in his hand and he fumbled it nervously. Catching the eyes of the Judge fixed upon him, he essayed to make a respectful bow, then came to the bedside.

"My gal done tole me as how you wus better, Jedge, and I cum in to pay my respects," he said. "I ain't jest 'zactly figgered out how she happened to bring you and that air city feller along with her, but you air welcome, Jedge. We all don't take no truck with strangers in the mountings ez a rule, but if Stell says as how you air all right they ain't no one in the Cove goin' to question it. My name is Bill Lathrop and Stell, the red-headed gal whut has been a-nursin' of ye, is my daughter."

"Thank you for your hospitality, Mr. Lathrop," said Judge Graham, extending his hand. "I am Judge Graham of the Federal Court and I am not quite clear in my own mind just how I happen to be here, but I am sure that everything is all right. However, if some one can be induced to take it to the nearest telegraph office, I should like to send a message to my family."

"Sartain, jedge, sartain. One of the boys'll be glad to tote it to Jasper and hev the agent there send it. I'll see if I kin rustle up a bit of paper and a pencil."

"You will find both in the pocket of my coat, which I see hanging on a nail on the wall," pointed out the jurist. The mountaineer found them and brought them to the bedside. Roughly, but evidently trying to be tender, he propped Judge Graham up while the message was written.

Then he took it and departed in search of one of his male progeny to send to the station, eighteen miles over the mountains. For the Cove was an isolated community unto itself, separated from the nearest town by almost impenetrable mountains, ravines an tangles of timber and underbrush. High on all sides of it rose great peaks of virgin timber, thru which here and there ran an occasional "hog trail." Only the shaggy mountain horses and mules and the sure-footed men and women of the region traverse them in safety. To a stranger they offer well-nigh insurmountable obstacles.

Stella Lathrop had not told Judge Lathrop of this. She had not mentioned that she and Louie had brought him in the automobile as far as ran the traveled road, had hidden the car in a lonely spot in the woods and then that the girl, leaving the unconscious man to the mercies of the thug, had crossed the mountains in the night and sent back her father with instructions to get some of the neighbors and bring the Judge to the Lathrop cabin in a rudely contrived stretcher of their own making. Of the struggle to lug his dead weight these long miles he learned only many months later.

ON THE porch of the cabin "Big Louie" Vogel sat in disgusted silence. He realized that he had been permitted to find sanctuary here only on sufferance and because Stella had vouched for him. But he could not ignore the fact that these mountain folk at whom he secretly was quite willing to sneer as "hicks," kept him constnatly under their eye. Even when he chose to stroll beyond the confines of the clearing in which the cabin was situated he had an uncomfortable feeling that he was being watched. And it irked him. Mentally he cursed himself as a fool for having listened to Stella and permitting her to bring him here at all. The mountains awed him. Already he was quite homesick for the smoky, impure breath of the city in his nostrils, for the electric lights, the thronged streets that were all the life he had known.

His eyes saw none of the grandeur of these towering peaks, their majesty impressed him not in the least. The glorious handiwork of Nature he dubbed "a hell of a lot of hills and trees." Visions of being compelled to remain there indefinitely until the hue and cry which already he felt sure was raised against him in the city from which he had fled, nauseated him. He was sullen and morose, and not even the beauty of Stella, her evident willingness to believe that he had buried his past behind him and thus would make himself worthy of her, was sufficient to arouse the spark of love which heretofore she had kindled in his breast.

The presence there of Judge Graham complicated matters. Vogel felt sure that the moment the jurist was able to travel the mountain folk would escort him to the railroad and permit him to go home. And in that moment "Big Louie" felt sure that the danger to himself would become a real romance. He had no hope that, back in his home city, the Judge would not learn that he, Vogel, was wanted in connection with the kidnaping and would put the officers of the law on his trail. Why had he permitted himself to listen to Stella and bring the Judge along? Far better to have left him to die or live, as might happen, in the cellar of the shack. He cursed himself for a "softy."

So it was in no pleasant frame of mind that he heard Bill Lathrop summon his son and bid him take the message to the railroad station.

"Who's that message to?" he demanded. Stella already had told him that Judge Graham was conscious and apparently none the worse for his experience, barring a little weakness. The grizzled mountaineer did not reply. He had no liking for this hulking brute of the city.

"Let's see it," continued Vogel and essayed to take it from Lathrop's hand. He found his wrist clutched in a vise-like grip and above him the steely eyes of the mountain man glittered dangerously.

"The Jedge didn't say nothin' 'bout showin' it to you," said Lathrop. "Up here in the mountains we ain't in the habit of forcing ourselves into other people's business." He handed the slip of paper to his grinning son, released Vogel and turned his back on him. For a moment the hand of the gunman stole toward the butt of the revolver under his coat, then it stopped midway and he contended himself with brushing off the spot where Lathrop's fingers had closed about his wrist.

JUDGE GRAHAM was able to leave the bed after he had eaten and rested. Piloted by Stella on one side and her father on the other, he hobbled to the porch and sank gratefully into a rocker

Impulsively, Charlton Reached Out and Took Her Hands in Him.

that had long done duty for many generations of Lathrops. The rare air of the mountains was bracing. He sniffed hungrily at the odor of pine and balsam. It had been years since he had been in the woods and their effect on him was magical. Somewhere in his blood, almost lost thru years of city life, there ran a strain of the mountaineer and, in its natural element, it leaped into being once more. He leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes.

When he opened them again they rested upon the morose features of Louie Vogel. The gunman again had sat down upon the porch and was viciously whittling a piece of wood. Judge Graham had never seen him before, he knew nothing of his history, but his discerning eye, if not the clothes that Vogel wore, told him that this was no simple child of Nature. There was the earmark of the slums in his every motion and attitude. The Judge knew that this must be that "city fellow" of whom Lathrop had spoken as having accompanied him and Stella there. It puzzled Judge Graham. What could this man have to do with a girl, kindly, gentle, sweet and beautiful, like Stella?

"Isn't it splendid out here?" he said aloud.

Vogel's grunt might have been interpreted in any way.

"You do not seem to care for it," added the Judge.

"Nope." Then Vogel's temper flared up. "I'm sick of it. And these d—d hill-billies make me tired. And the grub! 'Sowbelly and cawn pone.'" He snarled disgustedly. "I wish to Gawd I wus in the city."

"Why don't you go then?" asked the Judge. "If I felt that way I wouldn't stay for a minute."

"I can't go because——" Vogel chopped the words off short. In his disgust he had almost betrayed the reason why he couldn't return—"because I promised a certain party to stay here a while," he finished weakly.

He arose, snapped the blade of his knife, thrust it into his pocket and stalked away. For he was not of a mind to continue the conversation. He had heard of this Judge who could tell when a man was lying, and whose uncanny ability to read minds that did not want to be read, had made him the terror of wrongdoers.

Judge Graham shook his head. "Something wrong with that chap," he thought. "I've seen men like him before. It is with such that our prisons are filled."

Bill Lathrop emerged from the cabin and sat down on the edge of the porch. His eyes followed the bulky form of "Big Louie" disapprovingly. But he said nothing. It was against the mountain code to speak disparagingly of a guest, and he was forced to regard Vogel as such, unwelcome tho he might be. He had overheard some of the gunman's remarks anent "hill-billies," too, and they had not been pleasant to him.

"You-all air a United States Jedge, Stell tells me," he said. The Judge nodded. "There is somethin' been a-worryin' me," continued the mountaineer. "I gits a paper oncet in a while and hit air always a-knockin' the Government. I can't do much more'n read ef I spell out the letters and lots of the big words I don't pretend to understand at all, but hit tells of how purty soon we folks what air poor air goin' to have a chanct to change things. All of us is to be alike and share and share alike, the paper sez. The rich men is a-goin' to give up their money and hit'll be divided amongst all the people. But hit don't sound reasonable to me thet airy rich man is a-goin' to give up anythin'. The paper sez the way this is a-goin' to be brung about is by overthrowin' the Government and puttin' in another made up of sech as we-uns is. I kinder thought that mebbe you-all, bein' a United States Jedge, might explain hit ter me."

JUDGE GRAHAM did not reply immediately. He was thinking that even in this far-away place the Bolshevist serpent had reared his head. He had heard of a mysterious paper, secretly published, which had for its purpose the instillation of the subtle poison of Bolshevism in the minds of the ignorant and the unwary. And in these mountains, out of touch with everyday affairs, these simple folk offered a fertile field.

"It's just another case of a lot of danged fools monkeyin' with a buzz saw," he said finally. Unconsciously he was trying to talk the language that the other would understand. Gone was the dignified polish of the man of law as he strove to put himself on a plane that would make all he was about to say easy of comprehension to this man. "They're just like a fool dog I've got at home.

"I don't suppose you ever saw a golf ball? It's a thing about the size of a hen's egg, only it's round. It is made of thousands of little pieces of rubber all glued together after they've been stretched, and with a covering of gutta percha rubber. The center is filled with acid of some kind.

"Well, sir, I had an old ball like that and I gave it to that dog. He had a lot of fun with it, rolling it around the house and biting it until he had the cover about torn off. The other day he came and lay down beside the chair where I was reading. All of a sudden I heard a 'pop' and John—John's the dog's name—leaped about two feet in the air, let out a yelp and in about a half minute was giving a fair imitation of a cyclone in full action. And every so often there would be another 'pop' and John would let out another yell. Finally things quieted down and John he wobbled across the floor to his place on the rug and lay down.

"'That dern dog,' says I to myself, 'has gone and swallowed that golf ball I gave him and it has busted inside him.' Of course the acid was raising particular hades in his stomach and it must have set him on fire. And on top of that those rubbers had commenced to bust loose and they were giving him a merry time. I suppose if the poor little lunatic knew that his troubles had just about begun he would have died right then and saved himself a lot of suffering that must have come after. When I was—when I left home those rubbers were still a-popping every once in a while.

"Now that is the way with these fellows who are trying to make people believe that the Government is all wrong and that if you do as they say they will give you a government that will be all right. Their talk is just like that old golf ball that John was playing with. It looks all right and it is if it is used for the purpose it was intended. But it wasn't intended to do anything for those who are foolish enough to swallow it. It is loaded with acid inside and also with rubber bands that are stretched and when that acid and those bands begin to pop, people will find that they are going thru things that are a good deal like what John went thru when he swallowed the golf ball.

"No, sir, those that promise you things free, things for which you have not done honest labor, are trying to pull the wool over your eyes and make you turn the grindstone while they sharpen an ax. What they really want is a chance to destroy the Government and set up one that will allow them to run things, to loot the banks, to take away the property of those who have it, to make slaves of women and girls and to kill those who oppose.

"Mr. Lathrop, if those danged traitors got hold of things, the country would run red with the blood of their victims. None of our lives would be safe unless we were worse than they are. Up here in God's blessed mountains they are trying to set some of you at the throats of the others. They wouldn't be satisfied until you had a little riot of your own in this very cove. No, sir, they are liars and traitors and if they succeeded in deceiving you into supporting them they would turn upon you and wipe you out the minute you discovered that their promises are only the stuff of which dreams are made."

"I allow that them's the same fellers what caused the boys up here in the Cove to go slacker agin the draft," said the mountaineer. "They told 'em down to Jasper that the war wus all fer the benefit of the fellers in New York and Chicago what would make money out of hit. They said that the millionaires wanted war so ez they could sell guns and things to the Government, that hit wusn't eny of our business what they did to each other over in Europe and that we-uns didn't want our boys fightin' no battles for rich men who owned the country now.

"The paper sez we was goin' directly again the Good Book ef we let our boys jine the Army and kill people, even if they was Germans. Hit pinted out as how The Bible sez 'Thou shalt not kill' and asked ef the Bible sed anything about killin' in war bein' all right. Some of our folkses got quite het up about hit and the boys what were called in the draft jest natcherly hid out in the timber and dared any one to come and git 'em. Finally the preacher come around and he got up and told the people thet they had believed a lot of lies and that by defyin' the Government the boys wuz a-doing wrong.

"First one or two of them come in and give themselves up and then the others. And we found out that there had been a passel of lyin' hounds at work. There was Jimmie Bean, him what's cross-eyed and has a mother dependin' on him. They had told her he would be sent away and she would have to git out and rustle fer herself once Jimmie was in the Army. But Jimmie he gave hisself up and then he found out they didn't want no cross-eyed boys even ef they could shoot a gun powerful straight. And another boy, who had a wife and a kid er two, went in and jined up, and every month the Government sent his wife half of his pay and fohty-five dollars besides, making sixty dollars in all, which was more'n he had ever made in his life afore.

"Some of the boys come home on furlough and they told us they was fed well, bettern't they got to hum and even ice cream and that they got their clothes fer nothin'. I guess there wus a lot of them powerful disappinted when they didn't get to go and take a shot at them Germans."

"Yes, those lies were a part of the same thing," said Judge Graham, who had been keenly interested in this tale of mountain people. "I know that they were bribed with German gold to spread the lies about the draft and that now they are bribed——" He stopped abruptly, for the mountaineer had leaped to his feet and was staring with popping eyes at something in the sky.

"Gosh, thet there's the biggest bird I ever seen," he exclaimed.

Judge Graham caught sight of it then and his ears heard distinctly the roar of a powerful motor.

"That is an airplane," he explained. "Some Army flier on a long flight, I suppose. My boy was one in France," proudly.

"Fust one I ever seen. Thet's why I thought it wuz a bird," explained the mountaineer, shamefacedly. "Why it's turned and is comin' back."

CHAPTER XIII.

VOGEL SHOWS HIS TRUE COLORS.

VOGEL, too, had seen the huge airplane circling overhead. Its droning motor attracted his attention while he lay at full length under the trees just beyond the clearing and even before he had risen and run to a cleared space to view it, he knew what he would see. Alarm did not seize him, however, until the machine, instead of continuing upon its course, suddenly swerved around in a big circle and again flew over the Cove. This time it was lower and Vogel, harassed by his guilty conscience, ducked behind a tree. It had crossed his mind that the aviators might be officers of the law and he failed to realize that at that height it would be impossible for even the strongest glasses to identify any human being.

Apparently satisfied by the maneuver, the airplane's pilot turned its nose in the direction of the valley and began spiraling down in a hunt for a level meadow where he might land. The watchers in the Cove, and there were many, lost sight of him behind the skyline of the trees and, altho they maintained a watch for several hours, he did not reappear.

The fact that the machine apparently had landed did not serve to bolster up "Big Louie's" wavering nerve. Rather it had increased the panic which assailed him. He hastened to the Lathrop cabin and began buckling up the straps of the suitcase which was the only bit of luggage he had brought with him. Stella surprised him in the act.

"What's the matter, Louie?" she cried excitedly. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going away from here," was the curt reply.

"Going away," she echoed. "Why? Where?"

Vogel did not answer. He buckled the last strap, seized the suitcase and stalked out of the house. The girl followed him, calling upon him to wait. He did not even turn to look at her.

"Louie, Louie," she cried. "Wait a minute."

He whirled impatiently and dropped the suitcase to the ground. "Quit yer snifflin'," he said savagely. "I'm goin' to beat it. That airplane settles it. They've trailed us, and the cops 'll be around here thicker'n flies in summertime by dark. What in h—l did yu want to lead me to this hole fer, anyhow? Fine lot of relations yu got," he sneered. "Talk about yer wild men. D—d lot of ignorant hill-billies. They sure take the cake fer mine. I've got a belly full."

"Louie, you don't mean it. You're jest scaired and you don't know what you air sayin'," she cried and laid her hand upon his arm. "Don't go, Louie, don't go. Even if the police did find out where we were they couldn't get to us in a million years. They ain't nobody kin get to the Cove lessen we want them to. All we got to do is start the word to keep them out, and the folks 'll guard every entrance. One man can hold the passes against a thousand tryin' to git in."

He shook off her hand roughly. "I ain't goin' to stay," he declared. "I'm goin' and be d—d sure yu don't tell no

(Continued on Page 19.)

Remorse Shook Burrell as He Plunged Thru the Woods

In His Hour of Weakness

By Alvah Milton Kerr

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THEY left the camp in the cold hush just preceding dawn. In previous mornings they had gone together, but now they walked apart. Burrell had lain all night in black wakefulness and had risen and silently slipped out of the tent without disturbing Temple. After a little time Temple, laughing aloud in a dream, awakened himself and, igniting a match and holding it for an instant over the face of his watch, kicked the blankets off and leaped from his bunk. Lighting a lantern that depended from the centerpole of the tent, he looked at Burrell's empty bunk and, fetching a short whistle of surprise, hurriedly dressed and stepped out in the chill darkness.

Two other tents made dull gray blotches in the gloom near by, while a big log building, Kenney's Tavern, bulked darkly among the trees beyond a little opening. Temple looked toward one of the upper windows of the building for a few moments and shook his head slowly, a note of laughter crossing his lips.

"Pshaw!" he commented, with a shrug that was an expression half of pleasure and half self-depreciation, "she surely didn't mean it! The idea of her accepting me instead of Steve Burrell! Why, it seems wrong. Oh, the devil! Steve didn't want her or he could have won her, hands down. Of course, he didn't care; he never blinked an eye or turned a hair when I told him." Straightening his cartridge belt and slinging his rifle across his shoulder, he turned and walked southward thru the darkness, making for the deer runs. He smiled and softly hummed a tune as he walked.

Burrell had taken his way thru the forest recklessly at first, irritably spurning the insensate objects that obstructed his steps. When he came to the end of the first mile he stopped short and, hurling his clinched fist against his own broad breast, shouted angrily:

"Fool! Where is your will? You thought it easy, you fancied yourself strong! Pah! You make me sick." He dropped the butt of his rifle on the ground and leaned upon the top of the cold barrel and looked about him. "I'll go back and wake up Charley and we will hunt together as usual," he began, then suddenly snarled, "No, I've got to be alone. I can't bear the sight of him now."

HE STARTED down the slope in front of him, grinding fallen twigs and rotting boughs beneath his feet. In the hollow below he stopped for a few moments and listened. The world lay as in a swoon, profoundly silent. Trees stood about him like a thousand vague pillars rising up from the bottom of the sea of darkness. Slow waves of air faintly swayed their shadowy tops. He tramped onward, climbing across another ridge and swinging down a great southward spreading slope. He paused again. A faint gray, the blown ashes of approaching dawn, puffed suddenly up in the east and sprinkled the sky. The valleys broke open slowly, in them here and there a bluish mist.

He looked down over a wide waste of broken, chaotic country, softened with thickets and far-spreading sweeps of forest. In the valley immediately below him lay a lake, all but cut in two near the center by an outward springing tongue of land. The two lobes of the lake seemed to quiver in the pale wash of light like gigantic globules of quicksilver. Burrell went onward a little way and sat down upon a fallen tree trunk, his rifle across his knees. His brow was drawn into a knot above his strong, straight nose, his gray eyes were as flint suffused by restless fires. In his heart was jealousy, rage, and inexpressible chagrin. Temple had won the woman he loved!

Off to the left a rifle cracked sharply and a wild bullet went whining thru the treetops above him. The bullet was but one of a thousand wild ones fired among the wooded tangles of the Upper Peninsula during the deer stalking season. Not infrequently men, nervous, impulsive, anxious to kill, shot at stirring clumps of leaves, at almost any obscure and moving thing. The hunted deer, furtive, illusive, swift, were baffiingly difficult targets. Each year in the Michigan woods there was written a sad record of men slain by accident. Always by accident? Possibly not always.

As the thin, prolonged hum of the flying bullet died thru the treetops above him, Burrell's fingers whitened in a tightening grip on his rifle and his lips spat out a black imprecation of disgust. "Some of the fellows who come here to hunt ought to be put in handcuffs and shipped home! With guns that throw bullets a mile they blaze away at shadows, at any old fancy that pops out of their addled pates! They are so hot to shoot something they can't see straight! It's a pity some of them can't shoot themselves!"

His heated words were the overflow of resentment, a lava from inner flames. He was bitterly angry with himself, with Charlie Temple, with Her, with every sensate and insensate thing that had part in the make-up of a world that had grown hateful in a single night. Suddenly he started to his feet with a sharp tremor of the nerves, a cold gripping together of all his muscles. A thought had crossed his mind, startling him as might the passing of a snake across his bare face. Why, also, should he not shoot wild? Why should he wait to know that the thing at which he aimed was certainly a deer? Had Temple come down by now to watch the deer trails? Faugh! He was probably still sleeping, laughing as he dreamed.

Burrell walked onward a few rods and again stopped, a kind of shudder passing over his body, as with one who tries to shake himself loose from some repulsive thing. From far across the lake came floating the dull echo of a rifle shot. He walked onward with a slow, soft step, looking narrowly about him.

Burrell Began to Work His Way Thru the Brush Paralleling the Deer-path.

TRAGEDY was abroad in the woods, the world-old battle of life against life. A timber wolf dashed by Burrell in startled terror, its curling lips still wet from a murderous feast; a hungry hawk circled round and round in the air and fell like a bolt upon a smaller bird in a thicket; out from the edge of the brown reeds in a bend of the lake a pickerel, with cruel, undershot jaw, shot like an arrow in pursuit of quarry. The blue heron, knee deep in the sedge, turned noiselessly here and there, searching, searching, and men hidden beside the deer trails waited and watched in nervous eagerness to slay Nature's most docile creatures as they passed downward in quest of drink.

And why was tragedy everywhere, imminent or accomplished? Hunger, possession, pleasure, these were the goads to conquest, incentives older than the hills. Hunger, possession, pleasure? Then why, Burrell asked himself, should he not slay, since conquest thru dealing death seemed a law imbedded in the processes of creation? Hunger?

What was the hunger of these creatures of the wood beside his hunger, their hunger of the body, his hunger of the mind? Why should he not appease his longings by the same law that nearly every natural creature employed? Why should man affect to be governed by a principle of conduct eschewed by the balance of living things? Why should a man, who came to slay these wildwood creatures, pose as having a humanity superior to the preying creatures about him? Fool! Soft, silly fool!

Looking the savage facts of the universe squarely in the face, why should a man hesitate to kill another man if profit followed? What was the philosophy of compassion but the inherited apology of the sniveling cowards of the race, accepted by modern weaklings as virtue? Out of the glamour of a world overspread with the artificial flowers of man's pity the working muscles of savage nature thrust themselves everywhere into view, taking life, forever taking life! Was he, Burrell, something set apart, lifted above the rest? Was not he, and was not Temple also, simply so much matter, sensate atoms in the great body of Nature? Then why not remove Temple from his path? Thus from the insanity of his bitterness he conjured awful sophistry.

He passed down the slope and around the furrowed flank of a hill and came into a little valley that opened on the lake. The valley was lined with thickets of brush, with here and there a towering oak. A deer path came down thru the blinding growth, winding and twisting, a scarcely perceptible thread. Here Temple was likely to come, hiding by the trail to watch for the brown-gray creatures that might steal to and from the water.

Burrell began to work his way slowly and stealthily thru the brush, paralleling the deer trail and peering intently about him. He somehow looked shorter in stature than an hour before, his strong, square face grew elongated and thinner in effect, his eyes narrowed perceptibly, his mouth straightened its curves and widened, drawing backward and downward at the corners, a seemingly yellowish pallor crept into his flesh, his hands broadened and clutched about the rifle with startling suggestion of talons. Upon his whole person had come an aspect crafty, wolfish, animal. In a moment, as it were, he had altered from the godlike figure of the lofty human to the skulking ugliness of the brute; and all, strangely, because good will and unselfishness had withered in him, because hatred and murder had entered his heart.

The stillness of the region was well nigh cloistral. Somewhere, far off, now and again a jay cried discordantly, and at intervals the harsh, demoniac screech of a loon came up from the lake. But for these, the place would have seemed sleeping in utter peace. Yet Burrell saw nothing but the thicket about him, clots of brown leaves and a thousand gray hazel rods that impeded foot and eye. In him apprehension of beauty lay as numb as in the heart of the wolf that had snarlingly passed by him.

Betimes he paused, as hunting animals do, while he peered and listened, his nostrils moist and faintly working as if unconsciously sniffing the air. Presently he came into the shadow of a burly oak. Its dead leaves whispered dryly above him, and an owl slid out of the tree into the air and slowly flapped southward.

He started and glanced up, and for a moment stood still, conscious of the loud beating of his heart, then his look became cruel and prying again. As he went onward, bending forward involuntarily and glaring from under the rim of his hat, he saw something ahead of him that caused him to crouch low and grip his rifle tremblingly. Then he slowly rose and looked again.

A MAN'S hat was partly visible among the tops of a clump of hazel bushes some fifty yards ahead of him. With a quivering intake of breath he sank down upon his hands and knees and crept forward noiselessly. Again he warily arose and looked. The hat was still there, a little more clearly exposed. Surely it was Temple's grayish felt crusher! Beneath it—or was it slightly beyond it?—shone the vague outline of a grayish brown object that moved, or was the movement but the swaying of the mesh of hazel stalks that all but rendered it invisible?

He craned his neck forward, his face peaked and catlike of outline, and his finger ends turning spatulate and white on the rifle barrel. That which he saw must be Temple's body in its gray-brown hunting suit as he stood in the copse watching the deer trail! He hesitated an instant, then drew his rifle against his shoulder quickly, leveled it, and glanced along the iron barrel, aiming at the man's indistinct figure.

Who would know? Not any one in the wide world—only that another man had been shot by accident in the Michigan woods! Then hate and the goad of jealousy and his soul's sharp crying would be ended! Maybe She would turn to him!

His finger came against the trigger, a crash, enormously exaggerated by his straining ears, rent the silence into tumult, rolling away and clapping in dull echoes against the hills. For a moment the tangle into which he had sent the bullet crackled and shook and the hat was flung outward twelve or fifteen feet into the trail. Thru a little space he stood swallowing dryly and staring thru the clearing puff of blue-white smoke; then, with an overmastering impulse to hide himself, he squatted upon his haunches and held his breath, looking queerly at the gun, his hands, and the dead weeds and roots about him.

The stillness was profound. At last he arose and went forward, white of face and unconsciously walking on tiptoe. When he came to the hat in the trail he stopped and looked down at it oddly. It was Temple's, and it was rent thru laterally by a bullet! How, he thought, could he have shot so high? Again he drew in a long breath and listened. He could not see the body in the copse, but there came to his ears a sighing sob, then again a sigh and gasp, then utter silence followed. Then he awoke as from a strange stupor and a voice leaped out of his own mouth that did not seem his voice, and it cried:

"Temple is dead! My God, you have killed Temple!"

At that his rifle slipped from his fingers and fell across the trail and lay unregarded; he lifted his hands as if to stay the attack of something invisible and looked shrinkingly and wildly about him. From everywhere around him there suddenly seemed accusing eyes looking; from every shrub and root and tree exuded an intangible horror. With a frenzied cry of terror he turned and fled down the trail toward the lake.

He stopped at the water's marge and looked to left and right and outward. Where could he go now? Where in the earth's farthest waste and most inaccessible corner was there shadow and secret loneliness enough to hide him? Hatred and jealousy and his soul's selfish cry, indeed, were ended now! He had taken human life, he had slain his friend! What now was even She but the dead pith of a withered stalk blown out of sight and out of mind? She! What was She—the music of her laughter, the roses of her cheeks, the perfume of her hair, the witchery of her eyes, to hush the thunder of that last sobbing sigh that

he had heard among the hazel bushes?

He looked down over his person curiously. Was this his body, was this he, Stepnen Burrell, turning here and there among the reeds and willows confusedly, with the wish to get out of the world and away from all men, yet incapable of conceiving where there could be such a fathomless solitude as he craved? Where was his hate engendered sophistry now? Why did not the animal law of slaughter bring him contentment of mind as it did the beasts? After all, men were more than animals! Ah, God, yes; men were more than animals!

Then there arose in his mind a sudden, startling new terror. He had left his rifle lying close by Temple's hat upon the trail, within a few yards of Temple's dead body! Ere long, then, the world must know from whose hand Temple had received his death! He hurried pantingly back to tne trail. His gun glistened across the path where it had fallen, all lay hushed and quiet in the sunshine.

He caught up the rifle and stood for a moment staring down at Temple's hat, fascinated by the sense of personal relation which it had created in him. Poor Temple! Robbed of his life, and to lie in the thicket undiscovered, perhaps, for weeks! Why, the wolves might come at night and feed upon the body!

HE PARTED the thick tangle of hazel rods tremblingly and peered in. He pushed his way toward the center of the clump of brush, but tne appalling thing he had fancied was not there! Instead, there lay tne body of an antlered deer! He stood still for a little in a dead hush, a silence that crackled faintly in his ears, then an exclamation that was not a word but the audible soul of astonishment fell from his lips. Suddenly he broke out laughing hysterically.

Why, then, Temple was not dead! He had not killed Temple! But Temple might be wounded, suffering! He must find Temple!

He called aloud once, twice, then listened. He would go to the camp; he would know if Temple lived!

He went with hurrying feet until he saw the chimneys of Kenney's Tavern. Then he hesitated, his boiling eagerness falling chill. What if, after all, his bullet had torn thru Temple's brain and some one had found the slain man and brought him home! He went onward a little way and peered out fearfully from a point where he could see the tents and the buildings beyond. Suddenly he drew back with a strange, crooning kind of cry, his face ashen, yet luminous. He took his lower lip between his teeth to keep from yelling in mad joy. Temple was walking toward him along the trail, a cap pushed back on his brown hair, a walking stick in his hand!

Burrell drew further back, the veins in his neck and upon his temples jumping with the wild pounding of his heart. The world seemed glorified, the sun seemed to dazzle about him like the blent light of many gems. His soul was clean of actual crime! As he stood half dizzy with the rapture of it, Temple broke out singing a song, a jocund, bravura roar that would have been laughable only that its spirit was the spirit of morning and youth and love.

Burrell, bedraggled, and with lines graven in his face that had never been there before, stepped out in the trail and went toward him. Temple paused and broke off his singing with a jerk.

"Why, Steve, old boy, what's the matter? What has happened?" he asked, clearly shocked.

Burrell hesitated and fumbled for words. He held Temple's hat in his hand. "This—this—I found it, and—and I thought you had been killed," he said.

Temple sent a peal of laughter up among the trees. "Well, of all things, what a fool business me leaving that old hat out there! I shot that hole in it myself. You see, Steve, I ran across a deer down in the woods there, a doe, but do you know, I couldn't shoot a fly this morning? Not after what happened last night: No, no! You see, I was rather happy, acting like a fool kid all by myself, so instead of shooting the doe I flung up my hat and bored a hole thru it. I wore the torn lid on down toward the lake, but concluded I didn't care to wear the thing home and be thought to have gone dippy, so I flung it out in the bushes."

Burrell tossed the torn hat out among some dead weeds and laughed queerly. "I shot a buck," he said, "and—and—so long as I live I shall never again take the life of anything!"

Temple emitted an explosive peal of laughter, then looked at his friend with doubt and questioning in his eyes. "Is it I that have gone crazy, or are the bats in your belfry, Steve?" he queried.

But Burrell did not enlighten him; instead he placed a hand on each of Temple's shoulders and looked him in the eyes, mingled shame and gladness in his own. "Charley," he said, "I haven't words with which to tell you how glad I am that you are alive! Another thing, last night when you told me about—about Her, I didn't shake your hand, I didn't congratulate you, did I?"

"No, not exactly, Steve."

"Well, I didn't quite realize then—some—certain differences between beasts and men, and how much I cared for you both. Believe me, I am glad."

Another Interesting Story of Detective Finney Valentine

The Taxicab Murders

By Frederic Reddale

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DURING the fall and winter months following that date when Finney Valentine left the department and became a free lance on his own account, the city of New York, and indeed the whole United States, was greatly excited over a sequence of more or less mysterious crimes which, because of their peculiar environment, became known to press and public as "The Taxicab Murders."

The first incident in the series, altho out of the common, occasioned no more than passing interest in the commercial capital. But when a second, a third and a fourth repetition occurred under almost precisely the same conditions, only the locality and the identity of the victim being changed, the police and the communities concerned began to sit up and take notice.

In every case a magnate or a plutocrat of the financial or industrial world was the victim. Death, sudden and mysterious overtook each and every one; so, also, the interior of a public taxicab was the tiny theater of the crimes; and the companion of the victim always managed to disappear without trace.

No lover of criminal annals could ask more puzzling settings for a set of apparently inexplicable crimes—without motive, without profit, so far as could be seen. For, after the second tragedy, the consensus of opinion, legal and lay, was that a great wrong had been committed by a master criminal actuated by a mind of fearful ingenuity. But let us enumerate in regular order the facts.

Early in October, on one of those bright, snappy autumn mornings for which New York is famous, two men hailed and entered a taxicab from a public stand outside the Astoria Hotel. One of the men was elderly, corpulent, purple of face from gross living and predatory prowling; as a frequenter of New York's after-dark theaters and lobster palaces, no less than because he was one of Wall Street's autocrats, he was well known to the night life of the city and also to its cabmen as the great Philo B. Liveridge.

THE second man was comparatievly insignificant, so much so that the driver of tne taxi failed to notice him particularly and could afterward furnish no adequate description of his physical characteristics. Yet it was this smaller man who gave the order to drive to the Chrome National Bank.

When the taxi stopped at the curb in front of this famous financial institution on lower Broadway, the smaller man had disappeared; his companion, the aforesaid moneyed autocrat, was discovered to be dead! It was thought that the second man, finding that the financier was beyond help, and fearing trouble, had somewhere en route, perhaps during a temporary traffic block, opened either of the cab doors and quietly stepped out, immediately vanishing in the crowd.

When, where or how Liveridge had breathed his last was a puzzle to friends and foes alike. As has been already intimated, Philo B. was a gross liver, a patron of the Tenderloin's more or less shady night life, and the friend or protector of certain well-known feminine habitues thereof, albeit he was also one of America's money kings, suspected of swaying presidents and cabinets upon occasion.

Yet, because of these notorious facts, well known to the initiate, the theory was generally and generously adopted that Philo B. Liveridge had suddenly come to the end of his physical tether, seeing that he was well on tne Scriptural age limit of three-score years and ten—in fact, "old enough to know better," as one scribe, more irreverent than his fellows, chose to note in his obituary notice.

So they held a perfunctory inquest, the illegal and illogical verdict of "heart failure" was returned, the remains were interred to an intoned service by a fashionable rector, and Philo B. Liveridge would have been forgotten by all save those who were squabbling over his ill-gotten millions had it not been for a second occurrence almost identical in scene and setting.

SCARCELY had Liveridge come to be alluded to as "the late," and what was left of him laid to rest in Trinity Cemetery, than another of the same financial group met his death in similar manner.

This time it was old Zenas Roker. Again a taxicab had been hired by two men from the Belsonia; again from the one last to enter the vehicle had issued the order, "drive around the park." Somewhere between the Casino and One Hundred and Tenth street one of the passengers had vanished. When the cabby stopped for further orders he found the remaining fare insensible. On driving to the Arsenal, headquarters of the Central Park police, for instructions, life had departed from the occupant. A verdict of "death from apoplexy" was returned.

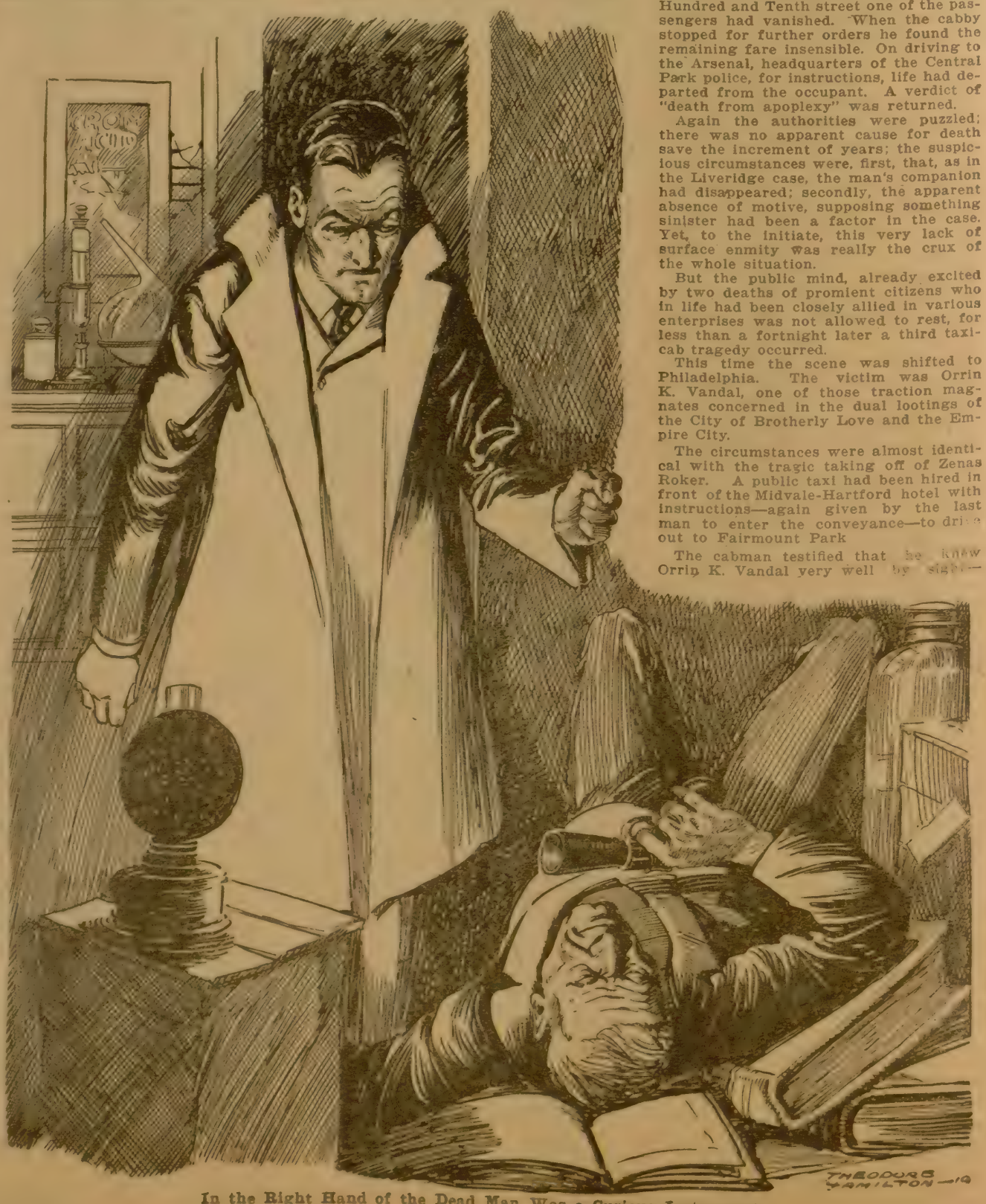
Again the authorities were puzzled; there was no apparent cause for death save the increment of years; the suspicious circumstances were, first, that, as in the Liveridge case, the man's companion had disappeared; secondly, the apparent absence of motive, supposing something sinister had been a factor in the case. Yet, to the initiate, this very lack of surface enmity was really the crux of the whole situation.

But the public mind, already excited by two deaths of promient citizens who in life had been closely allied in various enterprises was not allowed to rest, for less than a fortnight later a third taxicab tragedy occurred.

This time the scene was shifted to Philadelphia. The victim was Orrin K. Vandal, one of those traction magnates concerned in the dual lootings of the City of Brotherly Love and the Empire City.

The circumstances were almost identical with the tragic taking off of Zenas Roker. A public taxi had been hired in front of the Midvale-Hartford hotel with instructions—again given by the last man to enter the conveyance—to drive out to Fairmount Park

The cabman testified that he knew Orrin K. Vandal very well by sight—



In the Right Hand of the Dead Man Was a Curious Instrument.

as did thousands of other Philadelphians; for some distance he could hear his fares talking loudly; that he was ordered to stop at the Hermitage, a roadhouse frequented by the elite, where one of the men—the smaller and lighter—got out. After waiting for some time, the man who had alighted failing to return, and all being quiet within the cab, the driver got down to investigate.

Like his fellow driver in New York, he found a dead man left on his hands. Orrin K. Vandal had engineered his last crooked deal.

If it had not been for the two similar preceding occurrences in New York it is doubtful if the police of the city by the Schuylkill would have turned a hair. Of course, the disappearance of the dead man's companion looked somewhat suspicious, but there were no signs of violence or of robbery. Apparently the great Vandal had died a "natural death from causes unknown," which was the routine verdict rendered by a Pennsylvania coroner's jury.

But by this time the group of rich men of which Liveridge, Roker and Vandal had been prominent members, began to be alarmed. The dead financiers had been engaged in so many questionable—tho entirely legal—deals, in which they had ruthlessly ruined innumerable "lambs" that their surviving confreres, who were no less guilty, began to fear.

Consequently these associates, now that Number Three had fallen victim to an unknown Nemesis, began to tremble in their collective shoes, to wonder who of their guilty number might be next marked by the ruthless avenger, and to hysterically invoke the aid of the police of both cities. Also it should be noted that by this time the opinions of press and public had become crystalized around the belief that the three taxi murders were the result of private vengeance on the part of some one who had been wronged in a real or fancied way by the interests represented by the three men thus mysteriously taken off.

But the regular police were apparently powerless to solve the mystery, and that they were held in sovereign contempt by the perpetrator—man or woman—was proved by the commission of a fourth crime in the series, the scene shifting to Chicago and claiming its victim from among the same group of allied traction financiers.

THIS fourth victim was Marvin D. Marix, a multimillionaire. Again the same stage setting, a taxicab, and two men entering it from a great hotel on Michigan boulevard. The assassin, apparently growing bolder, had reverted to daylight methods as in dealing with Philo B. Liveridge in New York.

"Board of Trade" was the direction the Chicago cabby received—a matter of only a short distance. But upon arriving at the destination named the former sequence of events was repeated: One of the pair alighted and disappeared within the portals. Again, after waiting a reasonable time for the remaining "fare" within to make some sign or sound, the driver opened the trap only to see his passenger collapsed in one corner of the cab. When help and medical assistance had been summoned it was patent to all that Marvin D. Marix had joined the great majority.

No longer could natural causes or the act of God be accepted as adequate explanations. Some human agency was clearly the moving force. The Chicago police were no more fortunate than their confreres of New York and Philadelpnia in solving the mystery. It was clearly seen that only a master mind could successfully grapple with the problem, and that was how Finney Valentine came into the case, as much in response to popular clamor as owing to the fact that he was retained by the family of the second victim, Zenas Roker, to run down the assassin.

"You can't commit any sort of a crime without leaving a trace or a clew," said the great detective. "Generally, sooner or later, we pick up the thread; sometimes we don't; but it's there all the same."

For paucity of detail available, Valentine was early compelled to admit, probably the taxicab murders were unique in the annals of crime—for there could be no doubt that the four successive "removals" of men so closely associated in business affairs as Liveridge, Roker, Vandal and Marix had been, was the result of a carefully outlined plot.

The center human king-pin was undoubtedly the mysterious companion of the several victims who had disappeared before the bodies were discoverd. Two of the crimes had been committed in broad daylight; two under cover of darkness. Beyond the most hazy descriptions the four cabmen concerned could give no closer or more accurate descriptions of the second individual than would fit the average man in the street.

In each and every case he seemed to have been on more or less intimate terms with his victims—otherwise they would not have been in his company. From this fact Valentine deduced and confirmed the primary fact before referred to that the quartet of murders were in all likelihood a matter of private vengeance for financial losses inflicted. Yet this only complicated the case, for the ramifications of the various enterprises in which Liveridge and his allies had been engaged were such as to embrace the whole country. Victims could be found in any corner of the United States.

FINNEY VALENTINE was never the man to fit his facts to a pet theory. But the taxicab murders at first seemed absolutely barren of evidence, either descriptive, personal or tangible.

However, proceeding upon his own axiom, that the criminal invariably leaves behind some incriminating evidence, he stumbled upon one tiny clew. This consisted of the third of a torn postal card found on the floor of the cab which figured in the Roker murder. On the message side there were only two words left, evidently the beginning of lines, "meet" and "sure." But the address side bore the figures of a street and number: "489 West 23d, Man." The name of the addressee was missing.

The fragment might have been tossed on the floor of the taxi by one of half a dozen previous occupants; the New York police apparently had passed it up as worthless. Not so Finney Valentine. Where all was blank even those few blind words were like water in a thirsty land.

Not the least puzzling details pertaining to the four widely separated crimes was the fact that each victim had apparently died a natural death—one not out of keeping with the age and the personal habits of the victims. The most rigid autopsies had failed to discover any symptom that might not be covered by the stereotyped "heart failure" or "apoplexy;" there were signs of neither violence nor robbery; for all evidence to the contrary Liveridge and Roker, Vandal and Marix might have died peaceably in their beds! But the coincidences were too many for all but the most casual observer. Finney Valentine believed that deliberate murder had been committed in each case, and proceeded accordingly.

His solitary clew was that bit of torn postal card; yet before that he had raked with a fine tooth-comb the personal acquaintances and associates of the four dead men. How many thousands had been ruined thru their operations no man could say. But one transaction Valentine did unearth which seemed to promise results.

In going thru the affairs of Philo B. Liveridge he came across documents relating to the foundation of a stock company to float a certain electric device applicable to traction cars in which the name of a certain Arthur Sarell appeared as the inventor, dated some ten years earlier. Later papers showed that the company had been reorganized, and under the new order of things Sarell's name did not appear. As a mafter of fact the brains of the invention had been "frozen out" by his associates.

This was clew Number Two, and bore heavily in favor of Valentine's theory that the four murders had been the result of private vengeance for some business wrong. It then remained to connect the address on the torn postal with the name of Arthur Sarell.

To get a line on 489 West 23d street and its inmates was such a simple and natural move that it was matter for surprise that the regular police had not done so long before; yet, of course, they knew nothing of the hidden affairs of Philo B. Liveridge nor of Arthur Sarell and his losses, Valentine, by that prescience which differentiates the born detective from the ordinary "gum-shoe man," sensed that the rounding-up of Sarell would at once solve the mystery of why and how the four financiers had lost their lives.

And so it proved. Inquiry and a watch set upon 489 revealed the fact that Arthur Sarell lived there. It was one of a block of old-fashioned houses setting well back from the street, forming a veritable oasis in the midst of the busiest part of Manhattan. Further sleuthing added that Sarell was an inventor who had a laboratory and workshop on the top floor. He was an eccentric and soured, said the landlady, and in great poverty owing to the roguery of some men with whom he had been associated in business. He was only able to keep body and soul together and pay his rent because a brother somewhere in the West sent him a few dollars every month.

This data seemed sufficient to Finney Valentine to warrant a heart-to-heart talk with Arthur Sarell. Neither he nor his men who watched the premises had succeeded in getting a glimpse of the inventor, for he seldom went out of late, said the woman of the house. So Valentine determined on a call.

GAINING admittance to 489, he ascended to the topmost floor and rapped on the door of the rear suite. Altho the landlady asserted that the man had not stirred out of his room that day, there was no response, only a sort of stealthy, palpitating silence—such as results when one knows that there is some other one living and breathing behind a closed door.

Then, while Valentine waited, after rapping a second time, and a third time, there reached his acute ear the faint sound of footsteps within; then, after perhaps an interval of a dozen watchticks, there was a heavy fall; then silence again.

Valentine, upon this, hesitated no longer, but put his shoulder to the decrepit old door and pushed it in. The sight that he had half expected met his gaze. On the faded carpet lay the body of a man, thin and haggard to the point of emaciation, but with an almost seraphic smile upon his face. There was a curious odor in the room, the windows of which were tightly closed and which was crowded with a work-bench and tables containing all sorts of retorts and electrical devices.

In the right hand of the dead man—for life was extinct when Valentine reached his side—was a curious instrument, something like a clumsy, wide-chambered gun, having a handle and a trigger, with a short, thick barrel, terminating in a rubber cone such as dentists or surgeons use when they administer ether.

When a doctor was called—for even Finney Valentine's encyclopedic knowledge was at fault—he uttered the words: "Ha! A gas-gun. Carbon dioxide!"

Arthur Sarell had chosen to travel by the same road as the men who had wronged him and whom he had killed in his half-crazy determination to "get square." His gas-gun—one of his many inventions—was charged with the deadly carbon dioxide, an instantaneous narcotic poison when inhaled.

He had somehow lured his victims into the narrow interior of a taxicab. At a favorable opportunity he had pressed the rubber cone of his diabolical gas-gun over the mouth and nostrils of the condemned men, then pulled the trigger two or three times, by which the poisonous vapor was expelled and which, taken by surprise, his victims immediately inhaled. Since every one was of advanced age, heavy build, and apoplectic habit, with hearts none too strong, the result was as certain as if a revolver had been fired at heart or head, with neither noise nor powder fumes. And as a consequence the taxicab murders had puzzled the coroners and the police of three cities until the fertile mind of Finney Valentine led to the true solution.

* * *

Needless Alarm.

JUNIOR had not been in the best of health, and, when he seemed well on the way to recovery, his mother took extra precaution to guard him against possibilities of an influenza attack.

One evening the anxious mother was startled, when she entered Junior's room, to find the little chap in bed, sniffling, with eyes red and watery.

"Goodness gracious!" she cried, "do you feel sick, dearie?"

"No, mamma," Junior replied.

But you seem to have caught a dreadful cold."

"I haven't any cold."

"But your nose, and your eyes!"

From under the covers Junior produced a book.

"It is 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' mamma," he said, "and I have just been reading about poor little Eva."

* * *

Not Particular.

TWO local fire laddies recently went on a hunting trip.

Hearing a shot, one yelled to the other:

"Get something?"

"You bettcha," the other replied.

"What is it?"

"Pheasant."

The other, approaching, laughed derisively.

"Huh!" he said, "that isn't a pheasant; it's a screech owl."

"Oh, well," said the first hunter, "what the difference? When I eat a bird I eat its meat. I ain't particular what kind of a voice it's got."

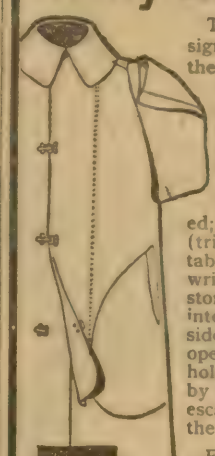
* * *

Reason Was Clear.

A SMALL English boy was asked: "How is it your father always wins money when he plays cards, but invariably loses when he backs horses?"

Very promptly came the reply: "Please, sir, father can't shuffle the horses."

Army Raincoats



The official model designed for military duty; the one type of raincoat both waterproof and sanitary; every garment strictly to Government specifications. NO WET CAN GET THROUGH—hermetically cemented; interfitting fly front (triple protection), adjustable fastenings around wrists, storm collar with storm tab, pockets with interior slit to reach inside clothing without opening coat; ventilation holes in back concealed by extra yoke to afford escape for moisture from the body.

End of war permits of supplying civilians. Direct from Government contractors at far below actual value. Fill in coupon and mail with $7.50.

TO THE PEERLESS CO. (Government Contractors)
P. O. Box NO. 387, NEWARK, N. J.

Date 1919

Please send.....Army Rain coat by Insured Parcel Post Prepaid to

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Chest measurement.....inches.

For which find $7.50 money order enclosed. If not entirely satisfactory money is to be refunded on return of coat. Dept. 549

Officers' Double Breasted Models with inverted pleat down back and all-around belt with buckle; convertible collar; patch pockets with flaps; wrist fastenings with buckles; ivory buttons. Disposal price, $12. State chest measurement.

"FLIVVER"

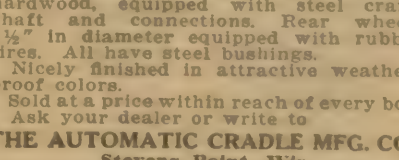
The best, strongest, most practical propelling car for children. Guaranteed to carry 200 pounds. It will withstand a great deal of rough usage. Made of hardwood, equipped with steel crank shaft and connections. Rear wheels 9½" in diameter equipped with rubber tires. All have steel bushings.

Nicely finished in attractive weather-proof colors.

Sold at a price within reach of every boy. Ask your dealer or write to

THE AUTOMATIC CRADLE MFG. CO.,
Stevens Point, Wis.

Elegant Thin Model Guaranteed Watch
$6.95 STEM WIND



C.O.D. PARCEL POST — STEM SET

We will send this elegant thin model,16 size for men or boys, open face screw back and bezel, solid roll gold plated case guaranteed 5 years, fitted with a genuine 7 ruby jewel finely tested movement, regulated and fully guaranteed a reliable timekeeper, a handsome and durable watch; when you receive it pay your postman $6.95 only and it is yours Order at once, this offer may not appear again. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED Give your full postoffice address, box or street numbers.
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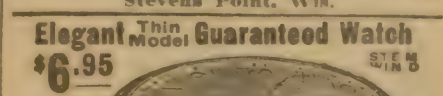
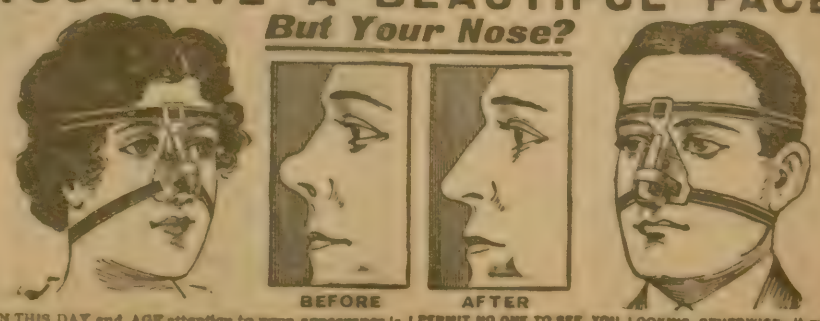


Catch Fish, Bats, Mink, Muskrats and other fur-bearing animals in large numbers, with the **New, Folding, Galvanized Steel Wire Trap.** It catches them like a fly-trap catches flies. Made in all sizes. Write for descriptive price list, and our free booklet on best bait known for attracting fish.
J. F. Gregory, 3328 Oregon Ave., St. Louis, Mo

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE
But Your Nose?



IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

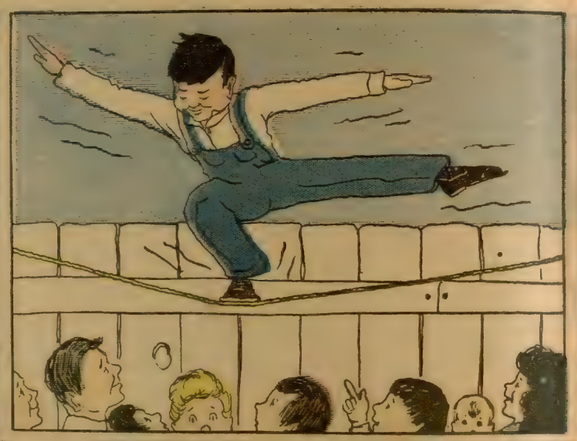
PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper*, "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

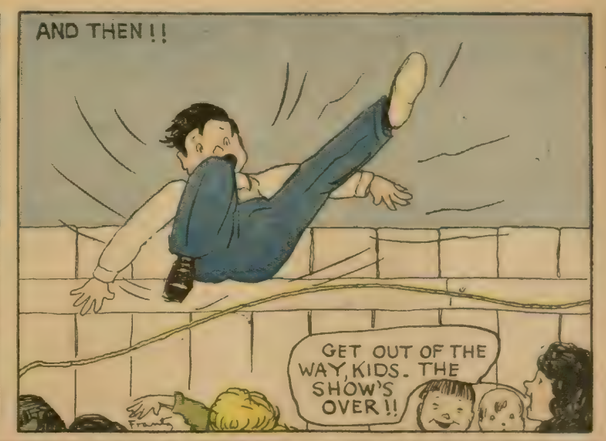
Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1217 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Sugar 5c a pound—See last page.—Adv.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG - - The Tight Rope Walker





Change Did Him Good.

Doctor—"What you need most is a change of diet."

Dyspeptic—"Come again, Doc! Why, that's what made me what I am today."

Doctor—"What do you mean?"

Dyspeptic—"Five different cooks in as many months."

Mrs. Brown—"In what course do you expect your boy to graduate, Mrs. Jones?"

Mrs. Jones—"Why, in course of time, I suppose."

Excited, Indeed.

He was a very excited orator, and discoursed at length on what he considered to be the principles of his opponents. After a voluminous display of vocabulary, he wound up with:

"Believe me, friends, if it were possible to place these men on an uninhabited island where human foot had never trod, it would not be five minutes before they had their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

A Gold Star for Lizzie.

It was Sunday and Sergeant Jones was driving a bucking, one-cylinder flivver down the streets of the old home town.

"Ought to put Lizzie's name on the casualty list," called a fresh gob, who was witnessing the struggle.

"Whatdaya mean?" hissed the sergeant between bucks.

"Missing in action."—Judge.

Everyday People.

"This is a homelike town."

"So it is."

"The people here seem to lead normal lives, too."

"Yes?"

"The ratio of flivvers to automobiles parked around the depot is about 10 to 1."

Some Knock.

Patience—"Every woman at the meeting today said I had a perfect figure."

Patrice—"Indeed! How many women were there?"

"Just fifteen."

"Well, I read in the paper only last week that only one person in fifteen has perfect eyesight."

Method.

Donald, aged 6, has made a very good beginning on understanding the eternal feminine. He was playing with little Eleanor recently, when his mother heard him teasing the girl unmercifully. She said: "Donald, I want you to stop teasing that little girl. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Well, I've got to tease somebody," replied the boy.

"What an idea!" said the mother.

"Well, that's so," said Donald, "an' she wants to be teased. If I quit teasin' her she'll go play with some other little boy."—Life.

Competent.

"You advertised for a reliable chauffeur?"

"Yes."

"I'd like to get the job."

"What are your qualifications?"

"Well, first, I know how to run a car."

"I should hope so."

"And, second, I testified in a breach-of-promise suit against my last employer and the show girl who brought suit didn't get a nickel."

"You are engaged."

Very Sad.

Mrs. O'Moy—"Mrs. O'Dear is prostrated since her husband's funeral."

Mr. O'Moy—"Ye mane since his death, I prayssom?"

Mrs. O'Moy—"I mane what I said. Th' undhertaker's bone-headed assistant placed all th' illigant flowers in a closed hack."

Little but Loud.

"I used to call Jibway's car a one-lung flivver, but I take it back."

"Why so?"

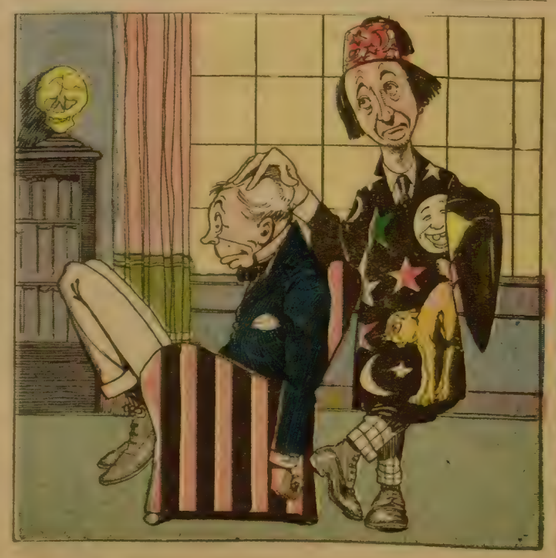
"He trotted it out this morning and started to town about 6 a. m., when I was trying to get my beauty sleep. It sounded like a flock of tanks going into action."

"What would your mother say, little boy," demanded the passer-by virtuously, "if she could hear you swear like that?"

"She'd be tickled to death if she could hear it," answered the bad little boy.

"Why, how?" asked the lady, shocked.

"Why," exclaimed the boy. "Because she's stone deaf!"



Phrenologist—"This large bump running across the back of your head shows that you are inclined to be curious to the point of recklessness."

Client—"You are right. I got that by sticking my head into an elevator shaft to see if the car was coming up, and it was coming down. My curiosity was more than satisfied."

Not Sir Walter.

Recently Sir Walter Raleigh came to Philadelphia, and a University of Pennsylvania professor went to meet him at Broad Street Station. Sir Walter is professor of English at Oxford University, England, and sometimes he writes poetry. The U. of P. professor had never seen the English scholar, but had obtained a fairly good description of him. The first man to get off the train seemed to tally with it—so this is the conversation that ensued: "Excuse me, sir; are you Sir Walter Raleigh?"

"No, you fool; I'm Christopher Columbus. Sir Walter Raleigh is in the smoking car playing checkers with Queen Elizabeth."

How About Grandpa?

The lesson for the afternoon had been with regard to the Second Commandment, and the pretty Sunday school teacher was very pleased with the manner in which her discourse had been listened to.

"Now, Johnny Smith, tell me if we have any idols in this country," she asked one of the brightest of her class.

"Oh, yes, teacher," came the quick reply. "Our dad's been idle ever since armistice day, and our uncle was idle for a long time before that."

Her Thought.

You can't always tell. She was gazing far off into space, with the light of a soul exalted shining in her limpid eyes. Finally he broke the sacred silence with a question.

"Tell me," he said, "what you are thinking about."

The light in her eyes grew brighter and more tender as she replied:

"Noodle soup. I haven't had any for ages."

The Only Substitute.

"Ah! There is nothing that can take the place of a houseful of children," said the Presiding Elder.

"Nope; nuth'n' that I can think of, except twice as many wildcats," replied Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark.—Judge.

Just Think!

"Abraham was a lucky man. Think of being the father of a great race."

"That's all right, but think of the birthdays you would have to remember."

Yes, Indeed.

Mrs. Plainsmith—"You really think it would be better for my daughter to take solo dancing than ballroom dancing?"

The Teacher—"Well, she would have more opportunities to dance!"

Construction Work.

Howe—"He's a constructive statesman."

Jewett—"I understand that he is pretty good at building his political fences."

What Did He Expect Next?

"Aren't you tired of moving?"

"Oh, I don't know. The last time we moved my wife lost our marriage certificate."

Wouldn't Be Expected To.

Howell—"Rowell never gets anything right."

Powell—"He'd make a good man for clerk of the weather."

A Casualty.

Mrs. Gotlee—"I gave my husband a lecture and then I jabbed him with my hatpin."

Mrs. Doyle—"Wounded after being passed."

Brain Teasers.

Charade.

68—My first is long in a donkey and invisible in a bird.

My second is the home of a feathered creature.

My whole is to be serious and determined.

A Poser.

69—Farmer Giles went out one day to market. When he returned, his wife asked:

"Well, what did you buy?"

"Fifty heads," he replied.

"Oh! Anything attached to them?" she inquired.

"Yes; one hundred and fifty legs."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; thirty horns."

The farmer's purchases included pigs, hens and goats. How many of each did he buy?

Four Word Square.

70—1. A thought.
2. A term of affection.
3. A nobleman.
4. A boy's name.

Beheadings.

71—1. Whole, I bring rest; behead me, I build houses; behead, again, I am a brown color.

2. Whole I am a particle of fire; behead me, I am a public place for recreation; behead, again, I am the vessel in which Noah and his family were preserved.

3. Whole, I am the common custom; behead me, I am an herb; behead again, women hide me.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

64. Anagram.

Donkey.

65. Arithmetic.

Sixteen pounds is the weight of the big gobbler.

66. Five Word Rectangle.

B L I N D
L I V E R
I V O R Y
N E R V E
D R Y E R

67. Beheadings.

1. Clock-lock. 2. Coat-oat. 3. Flag-lag 4. Toil-oil. 5. Task-ask.

No Cause for Alarm.

The partners of a well-known Stock Exchange house were having a dinner conference at an uptown hotel. One of them appeared worried during the progress of the meal, and finally he was queried as to the cause of his fit of abstraction.

"I just happened to remember that I neglected to lock the safe before I left the office," he replied.

"Why worry?" said another member of the firm. "We are all here."

"What an awful-looking villain the prisoner is!" whispered a lady in a police court to her husband. "I should be afraid even to stand near him!"

"Hush!" whispered her husband. "The prisoner has not been brought in yet. That's his lawyer!"

The Irreducible Minimum.

A negro soldier was "crabbing" about doing so much hiking in the mud and rain just before the beginning of the Argonne "push."

A white soldier overhearing him, said: "Why, Snowball, you know very well if you were discharged and the United States got in another war you would enlist again."

"Enlist agin?" said the indignant darky. "Say, white man, the next time they has a wah, if they wants to find this niggah they's goin' to ourn the brush and sift the ashes."—Judge.

Went Away From There.

Ezra (of Yaptown)—"While you were in the big city, Uriah, did you see any of them there sweat shops I've heard so much about?"

Uriah—"More'n I wanted to, Ezra! That there fresh city nephey o' mine inveigled me into a Turkish one, but I hollered so durn loud they had to let me out before I wuz fin'ally dissolved."

Where Son's Eyes Were.

Father (to son who is showing him around the campus)—"Son, I heard that every foot around these parts was historical."

Son (as co-ed goes by)—"Yes, and some of the ankles, father."

Futures Only.

He—"I've never kissed any girl in the whole wide world!"

She—"I don't care for your past performances. What is your dope for the future?"

She—"Do you know what my reason for refusing to marry you is?"

He—"I can't think."

She—"Exactly the reason."

Becoming Modesty.

Client—"I want to sue for a divorce and an allowance of $1,500 a year."

Lawyer—"What is your husband's income?"

Client—"It's about that. I wouldn't ask for more than a man makes. I'm not that kind."

"What kind of stoves did the ancients have?"

"Why, mountain ranges."

His Source of Information.

An attorney was examining a witness and chanced to ask him about the character of the dead man who figured in the case, to which the witness replied:

"He was a man without blame, beloved and respected by all, pure in all his thoughts and——"

"How did you learn that?" demanded the judge.

"I read it on his tombstone," was the disconcerting reply.

Political Prudence.

"Captain Tuffle has asked the office force to drop his military title when addressing him."

"Why is that?"

"It saves embarrassment all around. The boss of this establishment was a buck private in Captain Tuffle's company."

Always Hopeful.

"The judge gimme six months. You said you'd get me acquitted."

"I know I did," admitted the lawyer. "And since I fell down on that promise, I'll agree to get you pardoned."

"How long will that take?"

"About six months."

Her Record.

Visitor—"Have you a papa and mamma?"

Little Emma Willis—"I should say so. I've had three papas by my first mamma and two mammas by my second papa.—Judge.

His Reason.

First Rube—"How did you happen to name a hen McDuff?"

Second Rube—"So that I can say, 'Lay on, McDuff.'"

Yankee Doodle a la Francaise

"The American troops went over the top singing Yankee Doodle."—News Item.

YANKEE DOODLE came to town
—A town in France, I think, sir.
And straightway started in to put
The Germans on the blink, sir.

Yankee Doodle cried, "By Heck.
They said I couldn't fight, sir!
I'll show them if I can or not
When I am in the right, sir.'

Yankee Doodle fought like mad
Until the day was won, sir;
And then he said, "I think that I
Have earned a little fun, sir."

Yankee Doodle took a trip
To Paris on the Seine, sir,
And played around, as he had fought,
With all his might and main, sir.

Yankee Doodle met a maid
A very chic one too, sir,
Who said, "If they consult my taste,
A Yankee dude 'll do, sir."

—By WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK *In Judge.*

Sixth Installment of

The Sable Lorcha

By Horace Hazeltine

What Has Gone Before

ROBERT CAMERON and his friend, Philip Clyde, are much puzzled by two mysterious notes which Cameron has received. The writer claims great powers and demonstrates them. A second demonstration is promised. Cameron and Clyde suspect an artist named Murphy. They keep the news from Evelyn Grayson, Cameron's niece, with whom Clyde is in love. Cameron has a nervous breakdown and, while ill, a third note is delivered saying that he will pass from the sight of men. Clyde takes Evelyn into his confidence, and they keep him in ignoranc of the note. Clyde takes him for a cruise on his yacht. A lone man in a rowboat is picked up. During the night Cameron and the man, Peter Johnson, mysteriously disappear. Search reveals no trace of them. The notes are found to be of Chinese origin and Clyde consults Yup Sing, a prominent merchant, who promises to aid him. Clyde sees Johnson and follows him, but is drugged. He is rescued by a mission worker, Miss Clement, and from her learns of the amyl pearls, which explains the mysterious happenings. Clyde meets Cameron on the street in a stupor and takes him home. Evelyn declares that he is not Cameron. Miss Clement finds that the Chinese want him for sinking a boat and drowning a hundred coolies. Clyde and Evelyn are attacked by Murphy and Johnson, whose real name is John Soy. Detectives capture the pair of them and rescue Evelyn and Clyde.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE SCUTTLED SHIP.

CHECKABEEDY met us in the hall—an unusually agitated Checkabeedy, with his full-jowled, rubicund face ruddy beyond the common, and his tiny gray eyes twinkling like twin star sapphires.

Our adventure, thrilling as it had been, was subjugated, if not indeed for the moment forgotten, in the presence of this unwonted suscitation. For the butler's aplomb was a sort of family fixture which nothing short of the most extraordinary happening could either unsettle or upheave. To find him in such case, therefore, argued either cognizance of exceptional developments or possession of monstrously important tidings; and at sight of him we both paused in mute expectancy.

"There is a person, sir," he began, making vain effort to control his voice to dispassion, "a foreign person—what is called a Chinee, I think, sir—in the reception room. If I understand him, sir, he is a consul or something like that. And he has brought with him a tall, thin, elderly man, as yellow has himself, sir. I was in doubt about allowing them to wait, but they told me they must see you, sir, tonight without fail; that it was a matter to your interest, sir. They have been here over an hour, now, and I have never taken my eye off the reception room door. Seeing as how those mysterious things happened at Cragholt, sir, I was fearful lest something more of the same sort might be contemplated. And poor Mr. Cameron lying up there with that nurse Bryan, who, between you and me, sir, I don't trust, nohow."

Evelyn was scarcely to be blamed for a trepidation equaling, if not surpassing, Checkabeedy's.

"Don't see them, Philip," she urged with nervous vehemence. "Please don't see them! It is some trick. I feel it is. Checkabeedy will get them out of the house at once. Won't you, Checkabeedy?"

But I was in far different mood. Of late matters had been shaping themselves, apparently towards a climax. In a quiet way, avoiding the spectacularly aggressive, and aided not a little by chance, we had drawn nearer and nearer to the veil which hid the truth. If there had come to me now the opportunity for another step, it must not be disregarded. My whole inclination was to welcome it. Therefore I smiled, reassuringly, at Evelyn, as I said:

"Really, my dear girl, you are unnecessarily alarmed. There is not—cannot be, in fact—the slightest possibility of danger. On the contrary their visit, whoever they may be, is in all likelihood pacific. But if it would make you any less uneasy, Mr. Checkabeedy shall wait near the open door, and you yourself shall stop here in the hall, where you can practically see and hear all that goes on."

Then she yielded promptly to my argument, pretended, at least, to put aside her fears, and returning me smile for smile, confessed to a consuming curiosity which she had merely endeavored to disguise, was an episode as characteristic of her as any that I can remember.

ON ENTERING the reception room—a somewhat formally furnished, square room, which jutted from the hall, on the left—I was mildly surprised to discover that one of my visitors was none other than the Chinese merchant, Yup Sing. At sight of me he rose and came a step forward, the same tall, spare, dignified Asiatic I had met in the Mott street warehouse, save that he no longer wore the dress of his country, but a dark, well-cut suit of American clothes.

"Permit me, Mr. Clyde," he said, in that chill leisurely tone I so well remembered, "to present to you the vice consul of China at New York, Mr. Chen Mok." And then I saw that his companion, a much shorter man than he and younger, had risen, too, and was holding out a hand in tentative greeting.

My first impulse was to ignore the proffer, for of late I had come to abhor the race he represented, but on second thought I acceded to the most formal of handclasps.

"We are here," Yup Sing continued, "because we believe we have secured for you, Mr. Clyde, the explanation which you recently did me the honor to request of me. And because we are in hope that, thru you, some agreement may be reached which will put an end to the present deplorable outbreak amongst certain of our people in this city."

Vice Consul Chen bowed gravely, and I, in my turn, gestured my visitors to resume their seats. So far I had not spoken, but mentally I had been busy. Frankly, I distrusted Yup Sing, and I questioned how much of his explanation, whatever it might be, I could afford to accept. Fortunately, however, I now had some basis for judgment. I felt that, so far as it went, the letter from Miss Clement could be relied upon absolutely. If the merchant's story coincided, then it would perhaps be safe to assume the correctness of added details. If it did not coincide, I was in possession of valuable material for cross-examination.

"I am an advocate of the policy of reciprocity, Mr. Yup," I said at length. "If, in return for your service, I can render a service to you, you have only to command me."

I chose a chair between them and the door, and sitting down assumed an attitude of attention.

"What I tell you," began the merchant, his body erect, his shoulders squared, his chin lifted, "Mr. Chen will verify." And once more Mr. Chen indorsed his friend's assertion by a grave forward sweep of his head.

"When you came to me, Mr. Clyde, with the story of your friend Mr. Cameron's annoyance and subsequent abduction, I was inclined to the clew that you were, yourself, in some way deceived. What I have learned since, corroborates that impression. As you say here in America, your friend, Cameron, did not play fair with you."

Under ordinary circumstances I might possibly have permitted this assertion to go unchallenged. I am not as a rule truculent; more often than not I find it advisable to ignore preliminary inaccuracies of narration, the quicker to reach the vitals of the narrative. But on this night I was contrarily disposed. The inscrutable countenance and the superior, almost patronizing manner of the speaker chafed and irritated me to the verge of endurance, and so, without hesitation, I interrupted him with a contradiction

"If all that you have learned is no more reliable than this corroboration," I declared, warmly, "we may as well end the interview here and now. Of Mr. Cameron's fairness at all times and under all circumstances there can be no question. He is my friend, tried and trusted, and incapable of deceit. On that I would stake everything I hold most dear; and we may as well have it clearly understood at the outset."

A white man would either have insisted or apologized. But the yellow man has a way of his own. Yup Sing remained silent until I had finished. But whether or not he heard me was manifested neither by word nor sign. Without change of facial expression or alteration of tone, he placidly proceeded, choosing his phrases with infinite care and rounding his periods with a facility that for an Asiatic was little short of marvelous. Had he been any one else in the world I should have admired him. As it was, his cleverness only added to my aversion.

"There is a story," he went on, "a true story familiar to all Chinamen; to some Chinamen especially it is a very bitter, a very pathetic story, because it has to do with the passing of their kinsmen—their fathers, their brothers, and their sons. Death sometimes is glorious, as we all know. To die for one's country, or for one's honor, is to be privileged. To die of pestilence or famine is deplorable. But to die by treachery is to leave a poor legacy to those who follow—a legacy of unrest until vengeance has been wrought."

He paused for just a moment and I moved impatiently. But if I thought to disconcert him by my action I was not rewarded.

"It is possible, Mr. Clyde," he continued, "that you are familiar with the history of the trade in coolies between your country and mine?"

I nodded. "Yes," I answered, "passably familiar. I know that at one time it was black with outrages. I know that in 1882 a Chinese exclusion act was passed, and that in 1892 the Geary law followed."

"But you did not know, perhaps, that in spite of your laws, the smuggling of Chinamen—of Chinese laborers—into this country, has been almost continuously practiced?"

"It is quite possible, I dare say. I do not know the facts, however."

"The facts in a general way are not material," Yup Sing assured me. "But I shall inform you of a single specific case. Sixteen years ago there appeared in Canton a white man, supposedly a Scotchman, calling himself Donald McNish, and representing, according to his own statement, certain large American interests. Thru a native agent it became known that McNish was in search of coolies. Very soon, circulars appeared thruout the district, worded somewhat after this fashion. 'To the countrymen of Ah Shoo. Laborers are wanted in the land of California. Great works to be done there, good houses, plenty food. You will get $20 a month and good treatment. Passage money required, $45. I will lend you the money on good security, but I cannot take your wife and child in pay. Come to Canton, and I will care for you until the ship sails. The ship is good.' The circular was signed by Ah Shoo, the agent. In response to it, exactly ninety-seven of my countrymen, having left good security for the required passage money, were led stealthily aboard a small coasting vessel one night, and the vessel slipped quietly down the Chu-Kiang to the open sea, with McNish himself at the helm, and a Eurasian named John Woo, in the galley."

The Vice Consul was now consulting a slip of paper bearing, as I could see, certain Chinese characters.

"If I am in error," said Yup Sing, addressing his companion, "I pray you to correct me." Whereat Mr. Chen Mok smiled reassuringly.

"You are in all particulars accurate," he announced; and the Mott Street merchant, thus encouraged, proceeded.

"The vessel, you understand, Mr. Clyde, was what is known in those waters as a lorcha. It was not so large as a junk and it differed in other respects as well. It——"

"I think I have seen a rude, but more or less effective representation of it," I interrupted.

"I know to what you refer," was the speaker's rejoinder. "But that was more or less conventional. As I told you, every child draws boats like that. However, the lorcha was to be used merely to convey the passengers to McNish's steamship, which had already cleared from Hong Kong, and which waited off the coast well out of sight of prying cruisers. Such, at least, was the explanation. Whether McNish ever had a steamship is a matter for conjecture. Whether a United States cruiser of the Pacific Squadron, having received a hint as to his purpose, bore down upon him, as has been said, is likewise open to question. But of the truth of the incidents which followed there can be no dispute."

He hesitated long enough for the Vice Consul to echo, "No dispute, whatever, Mr. Clyde," and continued.

"On the second morning after leaving Canton, an hour after dawn, when he at least pretended to see the cruiser in full chase, he ordered his passengers below, declaring that their safety depended upon their keeping out of sight. No sooner, however, were they below decks than he battered down the hatches, and imprisoned the cook in his galley. A white fog prevailed and the sea was very calm, both of which were conditions favorable to McNish's purpose. Lowering the lorcha's two boats he cut one adrift, and entering the other, which he had previously stocked with stores, he made his way in it along the lorcha's side to her prow."

At this juncture, Yup Sing slowly rose to his feet.

"And now," he said, "I want you to picture what followed. Standing up, ax in hand, Donald McNish began his diabolic work. With strong arm he swung, and close to the water line the blade bit deep into the timbers of the lorcha's bow. He swung again; and again the blade bit deep. Once more, and still once more the ax rose and fell. Frantically, with fiendish purpose he plied his weapon, until there opened a gaping hole thru which, upon those ninety-seven trapped souls, rushed the bitter waters of death."

It was a very dramatic recital. Un-

At Sight of Me, He Wheeled Completely Around and Stood Defiant, With His Back to the Antique Desk.

accompanied tho it was by a single gesture, the speaker's voice lent itself most effectively to the tragedy. And tho I disliked and distrusted him, I was certainly more or less impressed by the scene he painted.

"McNish escaped, I presume?" I asked the question more to relieve the tensity of the silence which ensued, than because of any doubt on this point.

"McNish escaped," he echoed.

"And no one else?"

"The Eurasian cook escaped, too. He broke out of his galley. Hastily he patched together a raft and reached land a week later, more dead than alive."

"And all the rest—those ninety-seven deluded, tricked countrymen of yours—perished?"

"To a man."

"The graphic description you have just given me, came—how? From whom? Certainly not from the cook, who was locked in the galley?"

"Partly from the cook, yes," he answered, unmoved. "And partly from one to whom McNish, himself, described his own crime."

The Vice Consul here added a word.

"Moreover," he said, and his accent was in marked contrast with the merchant's perfect English, "we have corroborative evidence. It happened that the lorcha sank in what you call shoal water. Six months later, she was declared a menace to shipping. Under ordinary conditions she would have been dynamited where she was. But because of the tragedy, she was raised, and examined; and the hole in her bow proved the truth of what we had heard."

In spite of the serious impressive manner of my informants I was far from credulous. Such a crime might have been perpetrated, but I questioned that the perpetrator, for his skin's sake, if for no other reason, would ever have admitted the deed, much less have truthfully detailed the manner of its commission.

But, even admitting that there was neither invention nor misrepresentation in the narrative, I was now more than ever convinced that Robert Cameron had no part in it, and that in placing even the slightest blame upon him an egregious error had been committed.

"What you tell me," I said, at length, "is very interesting, but I do not see just how it applies to my tortured and now missing friend."

The Vice Consul in an unguarded moment forgot himself.

"You no can see?" he queried, lapsing for the nonce into the vernacular.

"I certainly cannot."

Mr. Yup Sing indulged in the shadow of an icy smile.

"Your friend, Mr. Clyde," he said, with a brief impressive pause between each word, "and Donald McNish are one and the same man."

UP TO this point I had maintained my poise. I had listened with feigned respect and denied myself the satisfaction of interruptions. But at this preposterous claim, I could contain myself no longer. Before the slowly spoken sentence was complete I had sprung up, restless with impatient indignation, my blood throbbing in my temples, my hands itching to throttle an honest man's traducers.

"That," I cried, hoarse with exasperation, "is a damnable lie!"

If I expected retaliation I was disappointed. Yup Sing's seamed yellow face continued an immobile mask for whatever emotion he may have felt, and Chen Mok placidly consulted his memoranda.

"Robert Cameron," I went on, my passion whetted by their indifference, "has been a gentleman of leisure and fortune always. Of all men in the world he is the last to be accused of such a crime as this. A seafaring man! A smuggler of coolies! It is too preposterous even for discussion. And I want to tell you now, Mr. Yup, and you, too, Mr. Chen, that I shall leave no stone unturned to bring to justice those who are guilty of having made this unthinkable mistake. Hitherto I have been unable to get a clew. By what you have said tonight does away with that difficulty. Both of you shall answer, now, to the authorities."

As I spoke I edged toward an electric push-button, at the side of the chimney-piece, and at the last word, I pressed it.

That Checkabeedy, following my instructions, had remained within close call was demonstrated by his prompt appearance.

"Telephone the police station," I commanded, "to send two officers here at once."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A TATTOO MARK.

THO I spoke in my ordinary tone, the visiting Celestials gave no sign that they heard me. I had expected protestation. I should not have been surprised had I been forced to restrain them—to make them my prisoners, in fact, until the arrival of the police. But neither of them either moved or spoke, until the silence, in my nervously excited condition, becoming unbearable to me, I demanded:

"By what right, Mr. Yup, do you make the assertion that my friend and your enemy are one?"

"I was coming to that, Mr. Clyde, when you so unfortunately lost your temper. In stating the purpose of our visit I think I informed you that it was two-fold. In the first place, we came to give what you had asked for—information. In the second place, we came to request something from you—assistance. The motive of the threatening letters which Mr. Cameron received, I think I have made clear. For sixteen years my people, the kinsfolk of the victims of the Sable Lorcha, have searched the world for the fiend who brought them a sorrow beyond any that you of the Occident can understand. To us of the Celestial Empire the tombs of our fathers are very dear. McNish robbed these men not only of life but of decent burial."

"That is all very well," I exclaimed, impatiently, "but can't you see what a terrible mistake has been made? Why under heaven you should fancy that in Mr. Cameron, a gentleman to his fingertips, you have found this outlaw McNish is incomprehensible."

Once more Yup Sing smiled his icy smile and the Vice Consul made as if to speak, but thinking better of it, apparently, maintained his stolid silence.

"You were coming to that," I urged.

"The man to whom McNish boasted of his deed was the man who identified him. They had been partners in the Far East in the trade of smuggling coolies. The one, I have no doubt, was no better than the other; yet we believe our informant was neither directly nor indirectly concerned in the particular piece of brutality of which I have told you. Eventually, he and McNish quarreled and parted. For some years he lost all trace of him; and then by accident, one day he came upon him, here in America, living in a palace on Long Island Sound and masquerading under a new name."

"A resemblance!" I cried, in a passion of indignation. "A mere resemblance! And on that you and your people conspire to torment and abduct a purely innocent man. Was ever such an outrage heard of! Every one of you shall pay dear for this error."

I might have been the firewood sputtering on the hearth for all the effect my vehemence had upon that precious pair of Mongolians.

"We understand," the spokesman resumed, "that your friend managed in some way to escape from his captors, and is now in this house."

"Yes," I returned, hotly. "He's here, more dead than alive unfortunately; but he is coming around slowly and will be quite able to testify when the time comes."

"Mr. Chen Mok," he proceeded, calmly, "has communicated with the State Department at Washington, and the United States authorities are now only waiting our word to put your good, gentlemanly friend under arrest, Mr. Clyde, for the crime he committed on the high seas, sixteen years ago."

For a moment I stared at them in silent amazement.

"You're both mad," I exploded at length, "both crazy. Do you think for one moment I believe such rot as that? Even if what you say were possible—and it isn't—you would have to identify the accused by something better than the mere word of a man who hadn't seen him for years. Of what use would such an identification be against the testimony of Mr. Cameron's life-long friends?"

"Since you doubt our ability to identify," was Mr. Yup's prompt rejoinder, "I may add that there are two marks of identification, which must, I think, convince even yourself."

I laughed grimly. So that was their game! For nearly a month Cameron had been their prisoner. In that time they had examined, inspected, inventoried him. His scars, moles, birthmarks had been listed, and were now to be used to identify him with a renegade murderer of Chinese coolies.

I told my slant-eyed visitors that their trick was transparent. But they only looked at me with an expression which seemed half pity and half contempt.

"Did you ever observe a tattoo mark on your friend's left forearm?" asked Mr. Chen Mok.

"Never," I answered.

"He has one there."

"I am willing to wager something valuable he hasn't a tattoo mark anywhere on his person," I retorted, "and I'll prove it in five minutes."

"We shall be glad to have the proof," said Yup Sing.

Once more I pressed the button at the side of the chimney-piece, and once again Checkabeedy appeared in the doorway.

"You telephoned?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Now send Mr. Bryan to me here, at once." Then turning to Cameron's accusers, I explained: "Mr. Bryan, for whom I have just sent, is nursing my friend. He would naturally know if what you say is true."

To my surprise they made no demur. Yup Sing, however, asked that he might be permitted to put to the nurse the necessary questions, and as I was perfectly confident that no incriminating answers could be given, no matter what the form of catechism, I willingly acceded.

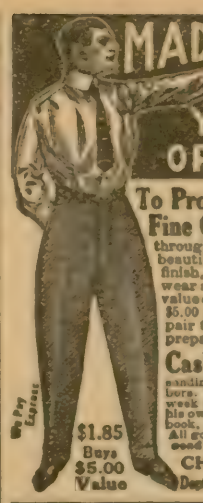
Had I not played tennis and golf with Cameron scores of times on hot summer days when, with shirt sleeves rolled above his elbows, his forearms were bared to view? Could there by any possibility have been a tattoo mark there, and I not have seen it?

MR. BRYAN came quickly, a little puzzled, seemingly, at being called to such an audience. Purposely I kept silence, merely waving an introductory hand toward the two Chinamen.

Yup Sing tactfully explained the situation.

"A question has arisen, Mr. Bryan," he said, with more of suavity in his tone than I had hitherto observed, "whether by any chance your patient has a mark of any character whatever tattooed upon his left forearm. If you have observed such, we shall be glad if you will kindly describe it."

The nurse flung a questioning glance at me, and I nodded reassuringly. I did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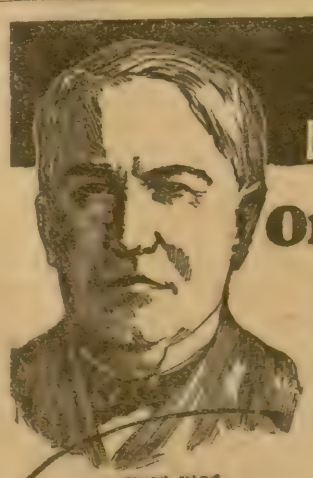

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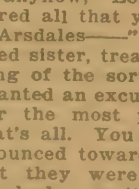

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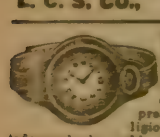

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not wonder that he was surprised at the question.

"Is there, or is there not, such a mark?" the Oriental urged.

"There is; yes, sir."

I think, involuntarily, I started forward. I know that for just a breath I thought my ears had played me a trick. Then, suddenly, there swept back across my memory that expression of Checkabeedy's, "Who between you and me, sir, I don't trust, nohow." Could it be possible that Bryan was in the conspiracy? But only for the briefest moment did this doubt sway amid the welter of my thoughts. Into its place rolled an amazement that shocked and stunned; that checked me all standing, as it were; for Bryan was amplifying, was telling about the mark, which he had first noticed, he said, on the night of his arrival, and which he had examined more closely on several occasions since.

"It's evidently a representation of some sort of sailing vessel," he explained, "with a curved hull and a single broad sail. And below it are three letters: D. M. N."

Blindly I clutched the back of a chair with both hands, for a sense of unreality oppressed me, and the room itself became waveringly unsubstantial.

It was not true, of course, this that Bryan was saying. Nothing was true. Nothing was real. It was all a nightmare; and the two gloating yellow masks were horrible dream faces.

"And you have probably noticed a scar—a long livid scar?"

It was Yup Sing's voice I heard. He was still questioning the nurse. And now Bryan would make another preposterous answer, just as persons always do in dreams. I knew he would. So when he said, "Yes, sir, just between the left shoulder blade and the spinal column. It looks as tho it were the mark of a deep and vicious knife slash," I was not in the least surprised.

Checkabeedy brought me back to a realization of time and place. He spoke my name in a half-whisper and I awoke again to realities with a start.

"The officers are here, sir," he informed me, matter-of-factly.

"The officers?" I repeated, and then, memory reasserting itself, I added, "Oh, yes, of course. Ask them to wait just a moment, Checkabeedy."

INTO the mental marshalling of facts which ensued there came a vivid memory of that weird scene in the sick-chamber when Cameron had raved in a strange tongue, mingled with words of pidgin-English and a few phrases—incriminating phrases, in the light of tonight's revelation—of vigorous vernacular. If what Bryan had said was true—and for him to lie about a matter as readily demonstrable was hardly to be considered—I must conclude myself beaten at all points. From first to last, then, I had been defending a creature unworthy of defense.

It was difficult to accept this conclusion. Mind and heart alike were arrayed against it. Yet, thinking clearly now, I recognized fully the position in which I had placed myself. I had been willing to swear, to wager, there was no tattoo mark, and the best evidence—my own witness—had proved me wrong. Certainly I could expect no mild judgment from these Asiatics. Honest as I had been, they must believe that I had known, and had meant to deceive them. They probably thought that I had signaled to Bryan to endorse me in my lies, and that the nurse had either misunderstood or openly rebelled.

Before Checkabeedy had reached the door, I recalled him.

"On second thought," I said, "the officers need not wait. Tell them that it was a mistake. I shall not require them."

Turning to Yup Sing and his companion, I added, "What Mr. Bryan has told you is the greatest surprise to me. Even yet I can scarcely believe it, unless the mark and the scar were obtained while my friend was a prisoner in the hands of your countrymen."

"Tattoo marks and scars show age no less than faces," the merchant replied. "Both of these are years old. Any capable judge of such things will tell you that. Possibly Mr. Bryan can tell."

"The scar is not a fresh scar," said the nurse. "As to tattoo marks, I am not experienced; but I shouldn't think the mark on Mr. Cameron's arm was put there recently."

"Gentlemen," I said, making a final stand, "while I do not question Mr. Bryan's entire honesty in this matter, nevertheless I prefer to see these marks of identification, myself. If you will excuse us for five minutes, I shall not be longer."

At the foot of the grand staircase, Evelyn joined me. Bryan, at my suggestion, went on to the elevator and ascended that way, while she and I slowly climbed the broad, velvet-carpeted marble steps to the floor above.

"I thought you were never coming out of that room," she declared, nervously. "Once, I was on the verge of going after you. The first time you rang for Checkabeedy, I mean. . . . What did you have him telephone for? He absolutely refused to tell me. . . . Was it the two policemen? . . . What did you want them for? . . . Why did you let them go away again? . . . Aren't those Chinamen ever going? . . . What on earth did you want with Mr. Bryan? . . . What are you going upstairs for, now?"

How tactfully I answered these questions and others I shall not attempt to decide. I know only that I set my teeth to guard the one problem which absorbed me, and which for worlds I would not have her know.

"It is all right, Evelyn," I assured her, over and over again. "There is not the smallest danger. . . . They came to give me information. . . . You must be very tired, little girl. . . . Go to bed, now, and forget it all until morning. . . . Yes, I'll tell you everything, then."

I wonder how many women there are who, burning with curiosity as she was, would have obliged me as she did! Is is pardonable, then, if again I say that thruout all this trying experience she proved herself a girl of a thousand?

BRYAN was waiting for me in the passage outside Cameron's door.

"I left him sleeping," he explained, "and, if possible, I don't wish to disturb him; so we'll go in quietly together."

Slowly and with infinite care lest he make the least noise he turned the knob. Quite as cautiously he opened the door, and tiptoeing softly, we entered.

It was the first time I had been in the room since the day of that terrible outburst, and it still held for me an atmosphere as grewsomely forbidding as that of a tomb.

Only one lowered light burned, over a tall, antique bureau between the darkly curtained windows; the chamber was in semi-gloom. But scarcely had I passed Bryan, who stopped to close the door with the same adroit silence with which he had accomplished its opening, than a stealthily moving white figure defined itself, issuing, apparently from a massive carved wardrobe, which stood against the wall opposite the huge, testered bed.

The spectacle was at least arresting. I know I halted abruptly as if stricken all at once with total paralysis. For a heart-beat or two I think I stopped breathing. But my eyes meanwhile were strained fixedly upon the apparition, and seeing it pass with almost incredible swiftness beneath the one dim light above the bureau, I recognized Cameron.

At the same moment the room was flooded with a sudden glare. Bryan too, had seen, and had switched on the electrics. Simultaneously he flashed past me and was at his patient's side.

"What does this mean?" I heard him say. "What did you want? Can't I trust you alone for ten minutes? I told you, Mr. Cameron, that you must not leave your bed unless I am with you."

I saw Cameron cower under the upbraiding. In his eyes I read terror, and all my sympathy was aroused on the instant. Bryan might be carrying out Dr. Massey's orders, but he appeared to me unnecessarily harsh.

"What were you doing?" he insisted; and then I saw him roughly grasp his patient's arm and hold it up, revealing a tightly clinched hand.

"Mr. Bryan!" I cried in remonstrance. "Gently, gently. Remember——"

But the nurse paid small heed to me. He was busy opening the doubled fist.

I stood now where I could look Cameron squarely in the face, but my gaze was elsewhere. It was his left hand over which Bryan was engaged, and from his wrist to his elbow the sleeve of his white night robe had been pushed back, exposing a sinewy forearm, marked precisely as Bryan had described it.

Scrutinizingly I bent forward. The tattooing was indisputable, and, as the nurse had said, it bore no evidence of being recent work.

Up to that moment I had hoped against hope that in some way or other a misconception had occurred. I had hoped, I suppose, for the performance of some miracle which would exonerate this man. And now that hope was obliterated by those blue-pricked letters D. M. N. beneath an almost exact facsimile of the black smudge which had taken the place of signature on each of the three threatening letters—the black smudge, of which Cameron, wearing it then indelibly upon his cuticle, had dared to feign utter ignorance.

And yet, I asked myself once more, how was it that I had never noticed it before? Again and again I had seen that forearm bared. Surely I would have observed so odd a mark; certainly I would have been perplexed by those three unfitting initials.

"There, now!" Bryan was saying. "Back to bed with you, Mr. Cameron. What did you want this letter for, anyway? If it is was necessary for you to have it, couldn't I have got it for you?"

"Give it back to me!" Cameron was pleading, piteously. "Give it back to me! It is a private matter. Give it back to me, or destroy it before my eyes. Burn it, here, before me."

"Let me have it, Mr. Bryan," I asked, and turning to the unhappy gentleman I said, "You'll trust me, won't you, Cameron? I'll destroy it, unread, if you wish it."

"No, no no," he objected, earnestly. "Give it back to me."

But even as he demanded it, Bryan put it in my hands; and spreading it out—for it had been crumpled to a pellet in the invalid's clutch—I was about to humor him, when the superscription caught my eye and held it.

The envelope bore the name and address: "Donald McNish, Taylor's Hotel, New York City, U. S. A."

The seventh installment of the Sable Lorcha, appearing in next week's Ledger will unfold some more startling facts. Don't fail to order your copy now.

Love's Labor Lost.

"I WISH you'd stay at home and attend to your social duties," Loretta sighed. "Here you run off to the seat of war without a moment's notice and leave me to entertain your friends. It was not considerate of you. Why, you aren't even worrying about things yet."

"I shan't worry till I've stopped wearing my uniform," her brother laughed. "But go on. What did I do or didn't do?"

"It was those fashionable Van Arsdale friends of yours," Loretta sighed. "You have always talked such a lot about them and I have been so glad I had the pleasure of meeting them that far off day a few years ago, you know."

"Oh, sure, they were always the real thing," her brother said. "They certainly were nice to me when I was out West. I had some sort of fever and they took the finest kind of care of me. I have never ceased to be grateful to them. How on earth did you happen to find them?"

"They were here visiting the French family," Loretta exlained. "She was a schoolmate of Mrs. French, I believe. Anyway, they were here for a month and there were all sorts of things doing."

"That's right," her brother sighed heavily. "Being gay, when we poor fellows were wallowing in French mud."

"Sounds all right," Loretta said heartlessly, "until you remember that you didn't get there till the war was over—all over."

"So was the mud," her brother said. "All over."

"Well, anyhow," Loretta went on. "I remembered all that you had said about the Van Arsdales——"

"Devoted sister, treasuring my words."

"Nothing of the sort," Loretta sniffed. "I just wanted an excuse for doing something for the most popular people in town, that's all. You see, Mr. Van Arsdale announced toward the end of their stay that they were going to Japan, where he had a position awaiting him, something wonderfully fine and high salaried, and they were going to start at once. That gave me the idea for a luncheon, and I sent out invitations to fifteen of the girls.

"And then I went to work to get up a really stunty affair. It was rather short notice, but I tore around town and haunted the Japanese stores and all the departments where Japanese favors were sold, until I had a lot of cunning things for the rooms and the table.

"If they hadn't been leaving so soon I could have spread the expense of it all over more time by taking her to matinee or a club meeting or something every little while, but, of course, it had to be done at once and in the best style. With it all, it just about broke me."

"Seems to me I scent a holdup at the financial end," said her brother.

"Indeed not," Loretta said proudly. "It was all my own show. It was expensive and I had to give up four invitations and a house party in order to put it thru, but it was a grand success."

"You will have your reward in an invitation to visit her in Japan, I'm sure," her brother said with a chuckle—"an absolutely safe invitation these days."

"Ah, no, nothing so beautiful," Loretta laughed. "When the last of that gorgeous luncheon was finished and there wasn't anything left but the dishes and the caterer's bill, Mrs. Van Arsdale announced sweetly that she had been saving a little surprise for us to give us at the very end of the wonderful luncheon. She said her husband had accepted a much finer position right here, and they weren't going to Japan at all."

Sugar $5.00 per hundred pounds—See last page. —Adv.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

By Law of Tooth and Talon

(Continued From Page 10

one that yu seen me leavin'. Hear me?"

"Yes, Louie," she replied meekly. "But if you're goin', I'm goin' too. Wait till I git my hat." She turned toward the shack. He seized her by the shoulder and whirled her around to face him.

"Yu're not goin' with me," he grated. "I fell fer yer d—d whinin' and beggin' once and look what it's led me into. Yu stay here until I'm out o' sight before yu go back to the cabin or yu'll wish yu had." He turned, picked up the suitcase and started down the mountain path. Impulsively she caught up with him again and threw her arms around his neck.

"Don't you love me any more, Louie?" she pleaded.

"H—l, no," he said harshly. "Get out of my way, yu d—d red-headed——"

But still she clung to him, surprise in her eyes. In his she read his true character. The man she thought she loved because of his kindness to her, had vanished. Instead, she saw only the beast of prey, the savage in civilized clothing. Slowly her arms loosened their hold, and she stepped back.

Thus they faced each other. The cowardly soul in his hulking body saw the tigress within her leap into life, and he dropped his eyes.

"You called me a name that no man who calls himself a man would call any woman," she said with ashing eyes. "You know you lied. We may be hill-billies up here, as you say, but we're honest and square, thank Gawd, which is more than I can say fer you."

Then she drew back her hand and deliberately dealt him a stinging slap. The suitcase slipped to the ground, his fist doubled and with a snarl he drove it crashing into her face. She dropped as drops a shot rabbit and, with a convulsive shudder, lay still. Without so much as a glance, the gunman seized the suitcase and fled.

UNKNOWN to either of them, there had been a witness to the scene. From behind a tree a boyish form darted into the path and sped to the cabin. He dashed into it and came out again a moment later feverishly loading an ancient rifle.

Hard on his heels came his father. The lanky mountaineer covered the ground in long strides as he took down the path in the wake of the boy. Just beyond the clearing he caught up with him and seized him by the shoulder.

"Where yer goin'?" he demanded.

"To kill a skunk," was the reply and the youngster wriggled in his grasp. But the man held him firmly.

"He hit Stell," babbled the boy, great sobs in his throat. "He killt my sister and I'm a-goin' to kill him. Let me go."

"Where is she?" demanded old Bill Lathrop.

His eyes took on a steely glitter as he followed the boy down the path to where the girl lay. Swiftly the man bent over and gathered her in his arms, then strode back with her to the cabin. He carried her inside and laid her upon a bed.

"Oh, maw," he called thru the door to his wife in the lean-to kitchen. "Stell has done fell down and hurted herself. Come and 'tend to her."

Then he clapped his ragged hat upon his head, took down the rifle from its hooks over the mantelpiece, emptied a box of cartridges into his pocket and left the cabin. At the edge of the clearing, the boy waited impatiently.

"Go home," commanded his father and did not pause to see whether he was obeyed. With laggard footsteps and frequent glances over his shoulder, the boy went back to the cabin.

Bill Lathrop returned to his home long after the rude evening meal had been served. He stood his rifle in a corner, washed his hands in a tin basin outside the kitchen door and sat down to his supper. He offered no explanations and no questions were asked him. Judge Graham had already retired.

Supper ended, the mountaineer picked up his rifle and by the light of a lamp cleaned and oiled it and pumped a bullet into the barrel, before returning it to its accustomed place.

"How's the gal?" he asked quietly of his wife, clearing off the dishes.

"She come to after a bit but said she didn't feel like eating. I'm afeard she's goin' to have a black eye, but otherwise she ain't hurt."

Stella, lying in the dark little bedroom, heard them unmoved. Since recovering consciousness she had listened tensely for her father's return, after learning from the brother who had seen Vogel strike her that Bill Lathrop had gone down the trail after the thug with his rifle under his arm. She had heard her father come in, eat his supper and then familiar sounds told her that he was cleaning his rifle. There was no need for her to ask questions. Bill Lathrop was a dead shot. Dry-eyed she stared at the ceiling that she could not see. She had been brought up on the mountain code of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth and in the pride which demanded that an insult to a woman must be wiped out in blood.

Stella's love for Louis Vogel had died absolutely in the moment just before she had struck him. It had begun to wane during the long flight from the city to the refuge she had selected in the Cove. Vogel had been irritable and harsh toward her and once had turned upon her and cursed her because of the care she was lavishing upon the unconscious judge. She could not mourn him now.

Judge Graham was up and chipper as ever the next morning. In spite of her efforts to keep turned from her bruised face, his keen eyes detected it and, also, he noticed the absence of Vogel. But he wisely kept his own counsel and Stella did not have to answer the embarrassing questions she had feared.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHARLTON FINDS AN ALLY.

CHARLTON and Alfred Graham would have covered the miles to the Cove in almost as many hours as it had taken Vogel days to drive it in his automobile had they known where the Cove was located. Thus they had lost three days in flights to as many towns named Jasper in the mountain regions. For "The Cove," "Jasper" and the fact that Stella had told also that she was a mountain girl were the only clews upon which the two Government men had to go. The postal directory had given them a number of places named Jasper. At last, however, they had been rewarded. The third Jasper was the right one.

When the fliers had doubled back over the Cove it had not been thru premeditation. The map upon which they were depending to guide them was not a detailed one, and Graham had been uncertain of their location. However, he had seen the town in the valley far below them and as it seemed to offer the opportunity for a safe landing he dove down to it, circled over it half a dozen times and picked out a pasture that from the air looked as if it might be less rough than any other spot.

"That was some landing," commented Charlton, as he clambered stiffly out of the observer's seat in the plane and stamped his numbed feet to restore the circulation in them. "I thought every minute we were going to turn over."

"No slandering of the chauffeur," replied Graham, who had followed suit. "Well, let's mosey on over to the village and ask questions. Wait. Here come the customary spectators.

For running across the field toward them were a hundred men, boys and women and, in their lead, a lanky individual whose polished tin star proclaimed him the local constable. He hurried up to the two men in flying costume. The others stood back at a respectful distance. As yet they were uncertain whether this big affair of wings and wheels and a snorting engine was safe to approach or whether it might not suddenly take a notion to charge them. In spite of the progress of aviation this backwoods community was seeing its first airplane.

"Get that gol durned thing out of this field," roared the constable, brandishing his baton while still some yards away.

"Just as you say, officer," replied Graham calmly. "But we must have a word with you first." He had walked over to meet the constable. "Take a squint at this," continued Graham, and, unbuttoning his padded jacket, he displayed the gold badge of the Government. "This is a United States emblem of authority. We have business in this community and, with your kind permission, we should like to leave the machine here until we have finished. I know you can find a couple of good men to watch the plane and keep the spectators away. We will make it worth their while—and yours." A bill slipped from his hand into that of the constable.

"If ye be revenooers they ain't a still for forty miles around in these mountings," confided that worthy now in a whisper.

"No, we aren't looking for moonshiners," laughed Charlton, who had been an interested listener, but so far had taken no part in the conversation. "We are looking for a city man who is believed to be in these parts. Haven't seen any strangers lately, have you?"

"Nope, they ain't no strangers been in town for a week," said the constable. "Only a drummer er two who comes up here regular twicet a month. Ye might ask the night operator to the deepo. They's a freight comes in along about 2 o'clock and yer man might have dropped off. Hey, Wilkins, come here."

Wilkins, proud but embarrassed at being singled out of the crowd, strode over to them with the rest of the village inhabitants, now convinced that the airplane was harmless, at his heels. They gaped at the strangely attired fliers and their machine and waited, open-mouthed, to learn what business had brought them.

"Wilkins, these here men air lookin fer——"

"A city man who is slightly out of his head and was seen several miles from here and headed in this direction," smoothly interrupted Charlton with a warning glance at the old constable which the latter correctly interpreted to mean that the Government men did not wish their identity revealed.

"I ain't seen him," replied the disappointed Wilkins, then, with a desire to remain in the limelight as long as possible, he added eagerly: "The agent might have noticed him. He's down to the deepo now. I'll show you the way."

Charlton nodded and, after seeing that the constable's selected men mounted guard over the airplane with instructions to let no one approach or touch it, they followed Wilkins to the station. Half of the spectators followed. The others elected to get their fill of seeing the airplane.

WITH great ceremony Wilkins ushered them into the railroad office where his busy superior was working a telegraph wire.

"Wilkins, sit in and send that telegram," ordered the agent. "Bill Lathrop's kid brought it done from the Cove and said the man who wrote it wanted it sent right away."

Promptly Graham asked him the questions about the stranger which had

Why Men of Today Lack Physical Strength and Endurance Which Gave Mighty Power To Athletes of Old

Physician Says Iron Deficiency in Blood of American Men and Women is Not Only Greatest Curse to Nation's Health, But is Often Responsible for Failure in Business, Lack of Will Power and Physical and Mental Decay — Explains How Organic Iron—Nuxated Iron—Helps Put Renewed Vim and Energy Into the Veins of the Weak, Nervous and Run-Down.

Every man of today who is not strong or well owes it to himself to make the following test:

See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Now take two five grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength, power and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances.

The great power and vigor of the athletes of ancient times was probably due to the rigorous out-door life they led and the large amount of iron obtained from their coarse foods is the opinion of Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. Men like Hercules, Sampson and Atlas were all noted as men of blood and iron and Dr. Sullivan believes that if the men of today who are fagged out because of worry, work and other strains could follow the same methods of living as the athletes of olden times they might readily build up their strength and energy by increasing the supply of iron in their blood.

In explaining why he regards iron as absolutely essential to the greatest development of physical and mental power, Dr. Sullivan says: "Modern methods of cooking and the rapid pace at which people of this country live has made an alarming increase in iron deficiency in the blood of American men and women. I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of physicians making blood examinations of their weak, anæmic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on year after year suffering from physical weakness and a highly nervous condition due to lack of sufficient iron in their red blood corpuscles without ever realizing the real and true cause of their trouble. Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, nervous, irritable and easily fatigued, but it utterly robs him of that virile force, that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life.

"In my opinion the men of today who want to be strong, sturdy and successful must either live more as did the athletes of old or else supply the iron deficiency in their blood by taking some form of organic iron—Nuxated Iron. I have used Nuxated Iron in my own practice and I know of nothing more effective for building up the system and increasing the red blood corpuscles, thereby enriching and fortifying the blood against the ravages of disease."

Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace physician of many years' experience and formerly of the British Naval Medical Service, says, "Living in the open, eating coarse food and leading regular lives make blood rich in strength-giving iron. But this opportunity for building up health is not open to thousands of men and women in civil life whose wearing tasks and iron-impoverished foods sap their energy and vitality, make them weak, anæmic and run-down and often cause their blood to literally starve for want of iron. Without iron there can be no strong, red-blooded men or healthy, rosy-cheeked women, and unless this strength-giving iron is obtained from the foods we eat it must be supplied in some form that is easily absorbed and assimilated. For this purpose I always recommend organic iron—Nuxated Iron—which I have used with such successful results that I am absolutely convinced of its effectiveness for helping to build red blood, strength and endurance."

Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon, Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey, says: "The fact that Nuxated Iron is today being used by over three million people annually as a tonic, strength and blood-builder, is in itself an evidence of tremendous public confidence and I am convinced that if others would take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak and run-down it would help make a nation of stronger, healthier men and women."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which is prescribed and recommended by physicians and which is now being used by over three million people annually, is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

proved fruitless in the case of the constable and the night operator. Charlton was edging toward the table where Wilkins was ticking out the message. Over his shoulder the Government man managed to read the pencil written words and he was scarcely able to repress a start as their import told him that they had found the right Cove

For the telegram was addressed to Judge Graham's wife and it told her he had been ill, but was better, that he would be home in a few days and that she should not worry. And the telegram was signed "Alonzo."

"Alfred, a word with you in private," said Charlton sharply and young Graham turned in surprise. It was the first time that the Government agent ever had addressed him by his first name and he knew that Charlton had some reason for it.

"Your father is at the Cove, old man," said Charlton when they had drawn out of earshot. "It will be a ticklish job to get entree there. I know mountain folk. They do not like strangers. Unless this community is radically different from other mountain villages the minute we announce that we want to visit the Cove or ask questions about it, these people will close up like clams. Your father is safe and apparently he is not a prisoner, for he has sent your mother a message that he has been ill, but is recovering and will be home within a few days."

"Thank God for that," said the young flier fervently.

"I am no longer worried about it," continued Charlton rapidly. "But his presence here is proof that Vogel and Stella Lathrop brought him. It is imperative that the Government gain the aid of this girl in bringing to book as despicable a gang of traitors as ever sought to betray their country. You know the story. Stella Lathrop has admission to the Inner Council. I believe that she will be a willing aid in circumventing its plans for creating a reign of terror. I must see that girl and talk to her, old man."

Graham pursed his lips. His mind relieved of anxiety over his father, he could concentrate it upon this new problem.

"I have it," he exclaimed, then, lowering his voice, "the plane. We can get a sandbag, attach a message to it, and I believe I grew expert enough at bomb dropping 'over there' to drop this sandbag into one of those clearings we flew over this afternoon, if that is the Cove. We'll address it to father and ask the finder to deliver it to him. If he is up there, as his message would indicate, every one in the Cove knows it and I have no doubt the message will reach him."

"That's a bully idea. I never would have thought of it," heartily replied Charlton. "Let's borrow some paper from the agent and write it at once."

Graham laughed.

"Not so fast, not so fast," he said. "It will be dark soon and I have no desire to try any flying over those trees and mountains and then try to make a landing out in that field. It's bad enough in daylight, as you remarked when we came down. Let's hunt up a hotel. I suppose they have what passes for one here, or at least a place where visitors get meals and a bed."

PILOTED by the constable, who agreed to see that the airplane was not disturbed during the night, they did find a place such as Graham had predicted.

Morning found them up early and while Graham tuned up the motor of the plane, Charlton wrote a note addressed to Judge Graham. It informed him that his son and a Department of Justice agent were at Jasper, that they knew of his message to his wife and would await his readiness to return home there. But it was desirable, if Stella Lathrop was at her home, that she come at once to Jasper where she would be made acquainted with a matter of great importance.

The Judge was [illegible] the proposition to her. If her answer were favorable she was to place two sheets or other large pieces of white cloth upon the ground in front of her home promptly at noon. At that hour the airplane would again pass overhead and the signal would be understood. If the message were received and the Judge had been unable to get her consent he was asked to lay out one sheet and the aviators would await his coming to Jasper in such patience as they could muster.

Graham made a splendid drop of the message laden sandbag. The flight over the Cove had, of course, brought its inhabitants running out of their homes to watch it and the sandbag, dropped when Graham was barely skimming over the tree tops, landed squarely in a clearing.

Sharply at noon the airplane again ascended from Jasper, this time with only Graham as a passenger. Charlton had thought it best to wire a message in code to Chief Milton, apprising him of the end of the quest. Duty had called strongly to induce him to resist the desire to accompany Graham, and it was in a fever of impatience that at last he saw the big flying machine swooping down out of the clouds and jolt to a stop in the field where he was waiting.

"How many? How many?" he called as he ran to its side.

"Two!" cried Graham, and Charlton did a war dance on the turf, to the great edification of the urchins to whom he and Graham were beings to be worshiped.

It was not until dusk, however, that Stella appeared in the town and then, to the delight of Alfred Graham, his father, astride a rawboned horse, accompanied her. In their rear Bill Lathrop trudged along afoot.

While father and son embraced each other and Bill Lathrop held the horses, Charlton drew Stella side.

"Miss Lathrop," he said earnestly, "your country needs you now as she may never need you again. Are you willing to risk a great deal to serve her?"

"Willing and ready," was the instantaneous reply. "I think I know just what you mean and today, after Judge Graham received your note, I told him and my father everything; about the Inner Council, I mean. I am ready to start for the city tonight. There is a train in two hours."

Impulsively Charlton reached out and took her hands in his.

"Miss Lathrop, this is only the second time in my life that I have seen you and the more I see of you the better I like you," he said. "My name is Charlton, I am a Government agent and I want to assure you that the part you are asked to play is not one whit smaller than that of our boys who went to France and so gallantly risked their lives that we might beat the enemy. There is a new and even more deadly enemy to be beaten at home now. From the bottom of my heart I thank you for what you have consented to do. Now, let me introduce you to Alfred Graham. He is a splendid fellow and, while I have known him but a few days, he is my friend and I have an idea that he will soon duplicate in this country the excellent record which he made as a flier with our Army abroad."

Judge Graham sprang a surprise on them by insisting that he intended to go home in the airplane with his son.

"Sorry to deprive you of your seat, Mr. Charlton," he said, "but I want to get home as soon as I can and as I've flown once or twice before I should like to try it with my boy as the pilot. Then those durned reporters will be buzzing around the railroad stations like bees once they learn from Mrs. Graham that I have been found, and I think it would be a great joke on the gentlemen of the press to fool them."

And Charlton laughed aloud. For he had learned at the station that a sadly harassed agent was becoming more and more mystified by an increasing pile of telegrams asking that some one be prevailed upon to rush to the city newspapers a full and complete story of the finding of Judge Graham.

"I'll meet you at the train, I guess I'm going with you?" asked Stella, turning to the Government agent. "In the meanwhile I've got a little matter to attend to."

She climbed into the saddle of the horse she had ridden down the mountain and was off at a gallop. In a secluded clump of trees away from the road leading to Jasper, she dismounted and tied the horse. Then, finding her way like a cat in the dark, she began to look for something. She knew just where she expected to find it, but, in spite of the darkness, she had no difficulty in making certain that it was not there.

The automobile in which she and Vogel and Judge Graham had come to the Cove was gone!

CHAPTER XV.

THE BOLSHEVISTS STRIKE.

JUDGE GRAHAM'S return to his home and his duties on the bench were duly chronicled in the city press, altho persistent reporters and doubting editors scarcely believed themselves the stories which they published, stories that told nothing of where the jurist had been for several days or what he had been doing. The public was led to believe that a message which would explain a sudden call from the city never had been delivered to Mrs. Graham, and that the commotion over the Judge's mysterious absence had been uncalled for.

But bigger things served to keep the public keyed up to a high pitch. All of the street car and other transportation lines of the city were tied up in a strike for shorter hours and higher pay which the companies characterized as an attempt at robbery which they were unable to compromise. Union labor in some of the trades vital to life appeared about to be involved in sympathetic walkouts for which there seemed to be no reasonable excuse. Many of the smaller fry among the labor officials admitted that they were as much puzzled as anyone, but orders for the calling of sympathetic strikes had been handed down to them from their superiors, and they had no choice but to be ready to issue them when told.

Already the city was beginning to suffer. Workers, unable to reach their were idle by the thousands. Their wages automatically cut off as a result, business was being hurt and the smaller stores were threatened with bankruptcy. Hunger stalked at the very gates of the city because the poor had no money with which to buy food. Starving men and women and children were storming groceries and meat markets and wildly clamoring for food. Police worked night and day quelling incipient riots and preventing crowds of puzzled and angry citizens from turning street corner gatherings into mobs.

The city government, machine-made and incompetent as are all machine-made governments, seemed powerless to end the strike or to control conditions. Politicians carried into office on a wave of bribery and spoils vainly ran around seeking a solution to the problems confronting them, and the national government was beginning to turn its eyes toward the city and threaten to place it under martial law unless a change was brought about immediately.

It was into this seething pot that Charlton and Stella Lathrop found themselves cast when the train which had brought them from Jasper reached the city. On the train they had heard vague and excited rumors of what awaited them. There were sensational reports of a reign of bloodshed and terror which Charlton, even tho he knew the Inner Council planned such an outbreak, warned Stella not to believe until she saw it actually going on.

THEY had grown very close during the journey together. Charlton, sensing that it would embarrass her to suggest a Pullman, had resigned himself to a seat beside her in the chair car. Neither had grown sleepy until late and they had whiled away several hours talking in low tones and making plans for the dangerous work which Stella was to undertake, subject, of course, to revision by Chief Milton. And because whispered confidences tend to take a personal turn, Charlton had learned a great many things about this girl.

For one thing he discovered that when she made the effort she could talk correctly, with only occasional lapses into the slang of the underworld or the language of the mountain folk from which she had sprung. He had remarked the fact that when he interviewed her at the door of her room in the city hotel she had talked illiterately and so, when she had met him in Jasper and conversed as well as if she had been a society woman, he had been surprised. He drew from her without appearing to, that she had attended the school of her home community until the day when she had decided to leave home and seek her fortune. But she surprised him most when she confided that Judge Graham had offered to take her into his home and give her the opportunity of acquiring an education. The old jurist, touched by the girl's kindness to him, was determined that if she desired it she should have a chance to become something better than the humble people from whom she sprung.

At the station Charlton excused himself and reported his return to Chief Milton by telephone.

"Bring her up at once," ordered the chief when he heard that Stella Lathrop had accompanied Charlton. He studied the girl closely when she had been seated in his office and Charlton had briefly sketched what had occurred during his trip.

"I suppose you and Miss Lathrop have made some tentative plans?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Charlton. "In view of the fact that she had been taken into the Inner Council I thought that she might be able to get valuable information for us in order that we may have men on the spot where trouble is planned. Miss Lathrop has been thoroly disillusioned chief, as to the real meaning of Bolshevism and she now is as eager to help down it as she once was to promote it. The only danger that I see she runs is having to face Lebrune."

"Which may not be a danger at all," was the reply. "He hasn't been seen since your encounter with him at the shack in the woods. Undoubtedly he has taken alarm and fled, believing that the Government has the evidence against him at last. Had he succeeded in killing you he might have remained in the city on the chance that he and his fellows would be in control of affairs here before he could be arrested."

"His nerve is broken," said Charlton. "He acted like a scared rabbit the last time I saw him. Whether he fears the Government or not, he undoubtedly is afraid of what might happen once the Inner Council discovered that its money was gone. He knows that vengeance would be sure and swift. No, I imagine that Lebrune just now would prefer the safety of a cell to a meeting with those whom he has duped. Well, it is settled then that Miss Lathrop will return to the hotel where she has been living and will resume as much as possible her former mode of living?"

"Just a moment," interposed the girl. She spoke slowly and with an evident effort to do so correctly. "There is one thing I ought to tell you. Both of you know that Louis Vogel was a friend to me when I needed one. You also know he was the man who drove the car in which Judge Graham and I went to the Cove. Mr. Charlton hasn't asked me any questions about him."

Charlton turned red.

"Judge Graham said——" he began.

"That he believed Vogel had been killed in the Cove for attacking me," broke in Stella. Charlton nodded. "So did I until last night when we were waiting for the train in Jasper," the girl went on. "You know the law of the mountains, that a life must pay for a life, and that an insult to a woman must be wiped out in blood. Feuds that have lasted years started over little things like that. Vogel knocked me down with his fist up there. My little brother saw it and he told my father. Had I

THE BLOOD

(BY LEE HERBERT SMITH, M. D.)

AFTER INFLUENZA AND HARD WINTER COLDS.

After an attack of the grip or pneumonia, or even a hard cold, the blood is left thin, watery, and one is said to be anemic. Instead of the blood cells being round, as in diagram "A", they become irregular, as in "B." When you feel weak, nervous, or the skin breaks out in pimples, eruptions or boils, and you feel "blue" and without any snap or energy, sometimes hands cold and clammy, there is usually a large decrease in the red or white blood corpuscles and one should build up with some good blood-builder and tonic.

You can put iron in your blood and the cells become round and red, losing the irregular shape, by taking a good iron tonic, called "Irontic," put up by Dr. Pierce and sold by most druggists. This "Irontic" is compounded of a soluble iron, nux and herbal extracts. With this you gain in vim, vigor and vitality. Instead of pale cheeks, tired and worn out before the day is half done, after taking "Irontic" your cheeks will have color, you will feel strong and vigorous and ready for work.

Or if you like a good alterative and herbal tonic, such a one can be obtained at any drug store, favorably known for the past fifty years as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This is made from the wild roots and barks of forest trees and without the use of alcohol.

Sugar 5c a pound—See last page.—Adv.

been conscious I would have tried to stop him, but he was gone until late at night and when he returned his rifle had been fired. I thought then that he had killed Vogel, and I think that he still believes he did. But now I am not so sure. At the time that Judge Graham was telling you his supicions, Mr. Charlton, I was trying to find an automobile which Vogel and I hid deep in the timber near Jasper. It is not likely that any one found it, but last night it was gone."

"We must send out word to arrest him on sight," exclaimed Chief Milton. "As a matter of protection to you, Miss Lathrop, for Judge Graham positively refuses to prosecute him for kidnaping. I rather think that he is doing so more out of regard for what he believes are your feelings for Vogel."

"I have no feelings for Vogel," replied Stella earnestly. "Only a few days ago I believed that I loved him, gunman, thief and crook that he was. Now I know that it was not love, and the feeling I had for him then is gone now. It died the minute he lifted his hand against me."

Charlton mumbled something which neither of the others understood, but it sounded suspiciously like "Hurrah."

"In that case there remains nothing for us to do but to administer the oath of loyalty to the United States," said Chief Milton. "I don't believe it is necessary, but perhaps you will feel better for having taken it. I imagine that there was some oath administered to you when you were admitted to the Inner Council, Miss Lathrop?"

"Yes," replied Stella, "but I do not feel that it is binding. I didn't know what it meant. I am ready to break it now. If it lowers me in your regard I can't help it. I would lose the regard of the whole world rather than keep an oath that means the betrayal of the United States."

AND so it was arranged. Stella again took up her abode in the hotel from which she had fled, and that very night she visited the radical bookstore which served as a camouflage for the meeting place of the Inner Circle. With some trepidation and fear she approached the aged bookseller, but he admitted her to the Inner Council without question.

Lebrune was not in evidence around the council table. The fat man sat in the president's chair, and Stella's fears vanished.

"You have been away?" he asked her.

"Yes, visiting my people," she replied, curtly. "The trip was unexpected. I had no chance to notify any one."

"And our worthy president? He also has been called away?" The tones of the fat man were sneering and they held insinuation. For a moment Stella had difficulty in holding herself in check at the insult.

"I have not seen him," she replied. To her surprise the words appeared to electrify her hearers.

"Haven't seen him?" cried one. "We supposed——" He stopped, for into Stella's eyes had come a dangerous glint.

"I don't care what you suppose," she declared. "I tell you I don't know anything about him. Hasn't he been here?"

"Not for several days." Apparently the fat man was worried. "Do you suppose that he has been arrested secretly? Such things have happened before. A man vanishes over night as if the earth had swallowed him, and months later we may learn that the Government detains him."

"Quite likely," replied another. "It is one of the risks that we run. But what is one man more or less? Let us proceed with business."

"But our money," cried the fat man. "It is in the banks where no one can touch it but Neilson or Lebrune. Neilson is in jail, Lebrune is gone. Without money we cannot go ahead. There are men to be paid, labor leaders who will desert us if they do not get their money, gangsters who are to aid when we strike at the city government, the I. W. W. chiefs who have been promised large sums. Money is everything. Without money we are lost. Neilson must be reached somehow so that we can sign checks. We must find Lebrune."

When the Inner Council's meeting broke up, and Stella passed out of the bookstore, it was to keep an appointment with Charlton. They had agreed to meet in a secluded place in a public park, where he was to obtain from her a report on the council's plans.

Stella stepped out briskly along the street. It was several blocks to the park and she had decided to walk. From the shadows of a doorway across the street, a man detached himself and followed her, a man whose head had been cropped recently and whose pulled down slouch hat and turned up coat collar hid his face.

Following him was a second man, a big fellow who slouched along and who appeared as if he, too, wished to escape attracting attention.

Behind the second man, but across the street and closer to Stella than either of the others, another man took up the chase. The first man was unaware of the fact that he was being followed and the second also was not aware of the shadow at his own heels.

The first man was Lebrune.

The second was Louie Vogel.

The third was Ralph Charlton.

The fifth and last installment of this story, appearing in next week's Ledger, will carry the thrilling climax and amazing episodes in the stamping out of Bolshevism in Judge Graham's city, and the part that Stella and Charlton played in laying bare the plot to overwhelm the city. Don't fail to read it. Order your Ledger now.

Changing the Old for the New

"WELL, well, well!" cried the group in unison, as the woman with the humorous mouth and the kind, shrewd eyes paraded into the circle. "What's all this?"

"All this," smiled the center of interested inspection pirouetting to display her rose red velvet gown and stunning new picture hat, "all this is at once a thank offering, the fulfilment of a solemn vow and long delayed declaration of independence.

"When I was a child," settling down comfortably to the glad task of narration, "I had red hair and a pale skin. Now I know that both hair and skin were lovely, but it wasn't the fashion, then, to let children rejoice in their good points, so I suffered keenly. I came near hating certain comrades I'd have loved otherwise because of their remarks concerning red hair."

"Let's see! You and John Dickson used to quarrel like cat and dog, didn't you?" mused the farthest member of the group.

"Yes," answered the narrator, calmly, "we did, and it was all because he didn't like 'carrot' tresses. When he grew up an artist he changed his tune.

"Because of my red hair and pale skin, to continue the sad story of my youthful career, I was condemned to dull and dark tints instead of the bright colors for which I hankered. I wore dark blue and dark brown until the sad soul sickened. Even when I grew up and began to choose my own clothing I still was condemned to color bondage. Every time I planned any kind of bright gown some one was sure to murmur, 'But with your hair——' and I'd go back to dark brown and dark blue for the daytime, fainting greens and languishing pale blues and shadowy greens or the inevitable white for evenings. And when, once I did venture a black velvet, just for a change, all my serious acquaintances mourned that I looked like a dowager, while the frivolous ones talked of Mary Queen of Scots. Only one person of all I knew approved the cherished black velvet gown."

"That was John Dickson, probably," came a reminiscent comment.

"Yes, as an artist, he approved the black velvet," the story teller interrupted firmly. "But he was only one and about that time I went into business and had no use for evening frocks until everything I had was all out of fashion. I wore dark clothes downtown, of course—my hair was noticeable enough in itself, without calling attention to it!—and even my golf togs had to be incon spicuous. My tailor had a standing order for two suits a year of ultraconventional cut and coloring. I suppose I'd have gone on like that to the end of the chapter if I hadn't happened to spend a night with my cousin Alicia."

"H-m-m," came another reminiscent murmur. "I know Alicia. I suppose she told you that your hair had turned quite gray."

"She did," the story teller admitted, grimly, "and it was a distinct shock to me to receive her cousinly tidings. My room is dark, you know, and I never have spent much time before the mirror.

"Well, girls, it all came to me in a moment. With gray hair I could wear even pink or purple. So that night, cogitating over the gray and khaki knitting we've all been engaged on for ages, I made up my mind that as soon as peace dawned I'd register a declaration of color independence. In early youth, I vowed that some day I'd dress as I pleased, and ever since my friends began going to war I've wondered just how best to celebrate the cessation of hostilities. So I planned this outfit."

"Girls!" The woman at the samovar sat up straight, suddenly, and pointed an accusing finger at the wearer of the rose-red velvet. "Girls, I've been thinking. 'Fess up, now, honestly, Sister Jane, isn't there an extra special meaning in that glorious costume? John Dickson went overseas for the Red Cross, didn't he, and haven't I heard talk, recently, that he's coming home?"

The woman in the rose-red velvet colored vividly and reached for her muff and neckpiece.

"He is home," she joyously announced. "And I suppose I might as well tell you that when he went away, the first year of the war, I promised him that if he came back alive I'd marry him. We're to be married just as soon as possible after he reaches Chicago, and his train's due in precisely one hour!"

* * *

It Seemed So.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night, for the Bloggses were giving a party.

Mr. Bloggs was singing, "'Tis Love That Makes the World Go Round," and Master William Bloggs made good the golden moment to take a turn at Mr. Bloggs' pipe in the study.

Shortly afterward it was apparent that William was not well.

"Goodness, child!" cried his mother. "Have you been smoking?"

"No, mother!" gasped her son. "But if that song is true that father's been singing about—I—I must be in love, that's all!"

* * *

Well Satisfied.

ARABELLA put down her novel with a sigh. It was a Christmas gift from her better half.

"What is it, darling?" asked he.

"Ah, dearest, I'm so happy," she replied.

"But you had such a sad look in your eyes just now."

"I know. I've been reading about the unhappiness that the wives of men of genius always have to bear. Oh, John, dear, I'm so glad you're just an ordinary sort of fellow!"

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

* * *

Sugar $5.00 per hundred pounds—See last page. —Adv.

Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given By One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

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Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true

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Take this fine Made-to-Measure Suit and don't pay us one cent for it.

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Drop us a line or send us your name on a postal card and we will send you absolutely **Free,** our wonderful style book, containing dozens of suit styles and fashion plates to choose from. **Write Now.** Everything sent **Free** and **postage prepaid.**

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MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, **PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.**

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$2.00 NEW DUPLEX STROPPING ATTACHMENT Duplex Hair Cutter and Stropper Complete Outfit for Only **$1.00**

After considerable experimental work we now have a perfect stropping attachment, with which anyone can put all four cutting edges in shape in a minute. We have found that at least one hundred perfect haircuts can be obtained by using this stropper. Cut out this ad and send it to us with **only $1.00 TODAY** and we will send you the stropper ABSOLUTELY FREE. Both DUPLEX HAIR CUTTER AND STROPPER, the Big $2.00 outfit for **ONLY $1.00.** This wonderful half price offer will not be repeated. Send TODAY.

PATENTED OCT. 8, 1918.

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR EASIER THAN SHAVING

You do not need any experience or practice to use the **DUPLEX AUTOMATIC HAIR CUTTER.** It comes to you ready for instant use, and five minutes after you receive it you can have your hair cut better than it was ever cut before.

The **DUPLEX** will cut as closely or trim as long as you wish it to. No clippers or scissors are needed with the **DUPLEX;** it finishes the work completely. It cuts the front hair long and the back hair short. Trims around the ears, etc.

Inside of a very short time you will have to pay $2.00 for the **DUPLEX.** The price today is $2.00, but while our present stock lasts we will accept this advertisement the same as $1.00 Cash. Cut it out and send it with ONLY $1.00 and we will send you the **$2.00 DUPLEX AUTOMATIC HAIR CUTTER AND STROPPER** ready for instant use, postage paid, to any address. Agents wanted.

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Five Passenger Touring Car Free

A fine new 1919 five passenger touring car will be given away absolutely free to some one who acts right away. You can be the happy and proud owner of this automobile. Think of the fun you can have taking your friends out riding. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning these automobiles, etc. They win because they are prompt. As soon as they see the advertisement and puzzle they go to work and solve it.

FREE SURPRISE PRESENT FOR SOLVING THIS PUZZLE

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile. Around the automobile are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Try it, it will pay you. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us with 4 cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., and a beautiful free surprise present will be sent you. You will delight in owning this present.

2,000 VOTES FREE

We will also make you a present of a certificate good for 2,000 free auto votes and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are giving away free.

EASY TO WIN—It is easier to win this automobile than any other. It is so arranged that every one who takes part will be richly rewarded for everything, little or big, that he does.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS—In addition to the automobile we are awarding splendid prizes, such as jewelry, silverware, bicycles, watches, cameras, cash awards and other things you like. There are no losers. Every one wins something. In addition to the free surprise present when you send this puzzle we will also send you a copy of two national publications worth ten cents. Write your name and address plainly, and inclose 4 cents in stamps for packing, mailing, etc., of the free surprise present. Do it right away. We will help you win this auto if you are quick.

AUTO PUZZLE DEPT H, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

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One Cent a Picture

The Expo loads in daylight with 25 Exposure Films, costing 25c, thus the picture taking part of a whole day's outing may be had for the nominal sum of 25c—One cent a picture. 10 Exposure Films also obtainable. It is simplicity itself to operate. Takes pictures through the stem, where the **Rapid Fire Lens** is located. The photos (5/8 x 7/8) may be enlarged to any size.

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Place a very small amount of this powder on the back of your hand and blow it into the air, and everyone in the room or car will begin to sneeze without knowing the reason why. It is most amusing to hear the sneezing, as they never suspect the real source, but think they have caught it one from the other. Between the laughing and sneezing you yourself will be having the time of your life. Shipped only by express with a dollar's worth of other merchandise. Price 12c or 3 for 30c.

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With a bunch of these bills it is easy for each person of limited means to appear prosperous. By flashing a roll of these bills at the proper time and peeling off a genuine bill or two from the outside of the roll, the effect created will be found to be all that can be desired. **Prices, postpaid: 18 Bills 10c, 50 Bills 25c, 125 for 50c, or $3.50 thousand.**

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Make Your Watches, Clocks, Etc., Visible by Night The very latest discovery in the scientific world. Hitherto, practically unobtainable except at an exorbitant price, we have at last succeeded in producing this remarkable LUMINOUS PAINT, which, applied to the surface of any article, emits rays of white light, rendering it perfectly visible in the dark. **THE DARKER THE NIGHT, THE MORE BRILLIANT IT SHINES.** Quite simple to use. Anyone—you can do it. A little applied to the dial of your watch or clock will enable you to tell the time by night. You can coat the push buttons or switch plates of your electric lights, match boxes, and innumerable other articles; make your own Luminous Crucifixes, Luminous Rosaries, etc. Bottle containing sufficient to coat several small articles, **Price 25c.** Larger sizes 50c and $1 postpaid

Johnson Smith & Co., Chicago

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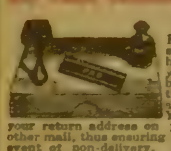

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No Teacher Needed

Surprisingly Simple System

Persons having neglected their Musical Education need not despair, for with the aid of our new VAMPING CARD (placing the card upright over the piano keys), you can at once vamp away to thousands of Songs, Ballads, Waltzes, Rag Time, etc., etc., equal to a Professional Musician. No knowledge of music is required. After using it a few times, you will be able to dispense with the aid of the Vamping Card entirely. **Only 15 cts. p. pd.**

Johnson Smith & Co.

All the Latest Surprising and Jolly Novelties

Pharo's Serpents Eggs, box	10c	Cover the Spot Trick, a scien. nov.	10c
Miniature Water Pistol	10c	X Ray Novelty	10c
Cleopatra's Snake (very lifelike)	15c	Trick Pencil	10c
False Mustache (fool your friends)	15c	Rubber Tacks (a good joke)	10c
Ford Auto Puzzle (Latest)	15c	Mesmerized Penny (defies the law of gravitation)	20c
Mysterious Ghost, shines at night	10c	Mysterious Tumbler and Vanishing Coin Trick	25c
Rubber Razor (very formidable)	20c	Magic Mirror (take one peep)	10c
Rubber Dagger (sensational)	25c	Magic Plate Lifter	10c
Mirror (masters agree joke)	10c	Imitation Gold Teeth	9 for 10c
Leatherback-scorpion (see behind you)	10c	Great Burglar Puzzle	10c
Great Lifted Reading Mystery Cde.	10c	Wire Puzzles, 10c. 12 different, $1.05	
Thurston's Mysterious Trick Cde.	10c		
Fighting Roosters, pair	10c		

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B7, 3224 N. Halsted St., Chicago

BOYS, YOU CAN HAVE MOVIES AT YOUR OWN HOME WITH THIS LATEST MODEL MOVING PICTURE MACHINE

Uses Standard Films same as the larger machines. Very easily managed. Simply turn the handle. Good Variety of Films always obtainable. **PRICE** Complete ONLY **$2.50** Postpaid anywhere. Including Two Films. Extra Films, 15c each postpaid.

THIS IS A GENUINE MOVING PICTURE MACHINE and the motion pictures are clear, sharp and distinct. The Moving Picture Machine is finely constructed, and carefully put together by skilled workmen. It is made of Russian Metal, has a beautiful finish, and is operated by a finely constructed mechanism. The projecting lenses are carefully ground and adjusted, triple polished, standard double extra reflector, throwing a ray of light many feet, and enlarging the picture on the screen up to three or four feet in area. The light is produced by a safety carbide generator, such as is used on the largest automobiles. This throws a dazzling white light on the screen.

It is a solidly constructed and durable Moving Picture Machine. The mechanism is exceedingly simple and is readily operated by the most inexperienced. The pictures shown by this marvelous Moving Picture Machine are not the common, crude and lifeless Magic Lantern variety, but are life-like photographic reproductions of actual scenes, places, and people which never tire its audiences. This Moving Picture Machine has caused a rousing enthusiasm wherever it was used.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. B 7, 3224 North Halsted Street, CHICAGO

ANARCHIST BOMBS

Consists of a little glass vial, containing in liquid form a chemical which will produce a most horrible odor. One dropped in a room full of people will cause more consternation than a limburger cheese. The smell will entirely disappear in a short time. 3 Boxes for 25c, shipped by express only with a Dollar's worth of other merchandise.

ITCHING POWDER

This is another good practical joke; the intense discomfiture of your victims to everyone but themselves is thoroughly enjoyable. All that is necessary to start the ball rolling is to deposit a little of the powder on a person's hand and the powder can be relied upon to do the rest. The result is a vigorous scratch, then some more scratch, and still some more. 3 Boxes for 25c. Sent only by express. (Must order at least One Dollar's worth of other merchandise.)

The CONJURER'S CASKET

Apparatus and Directions for a Number of Mysterious Tricks Enough for an Entire Evening's Entertainment

ANYONE CAN DO THEM

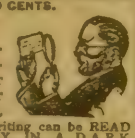
50c

It is great fun mystifying your friends. Get this Conjurer's Cabinet, and you will be the cleverest fellow in your district. It contains the apparatus for seven first-rate tricks, including The Disappearing Rose, that, when placed on the lapel of your coat, vanishes from sight at will; the Magic Vase and Ball Trick (a Wooden Ball is placed inside, and upon replacing the lid has disappeared and is found in someone else's pocket); The Magic Nail with which you can apparently cut your finger and restore it; the Wonderful Card Trick (a card is placed in an envelope, and when opened an entirely different card altogether is found); The Disappearing Coin Box (a coin is placed in the little wooden barrel, and, when opened again, is found to have vanished entirely, or can be made to change into a coin of another denomination); The Famous Mesmerized Penny that defies the law of gravitation (suspends from the palm of the hand, nose, cheek, wall, clothing, etc.); The Glass Goblet and Vanishing Coin Trick (a coin is dropped into a glass of water, and when the water is poured out the coin has vanished). With the seven tricks described above we send full printed instructions for performing each trick, so that anyone can readily perform all the tricks to the great amusement of their friends or the public. Any boy of ordinary intelligence, with this Cabinet of Tricks in his possession, can give a parlor entertainment not inferior to some regular magicians. Besides the tricks contained in the Cabinet, there are twenty-five other feats and illusions fully explained with full printed instructions, for which you can easily make or procure the necessary apparatus. Among them are The Mouse in a Pack of Cards, The Drawn Card, The Hat Trick, To Knock a Tumbler Through a Table, One Cent Rubbed Out, Guessing the Number Thought of, Mysterious Wedding Ring, etc. We also send the secret of performing three wonderful attractive tricks, as follows: The Act of Cremating a Woman, Walking on the Ceiling of a Room, and the Disappearing Lady, together with an article on legerdemain and valuable hints to amateur conjurers. **PRICE COMPLETE ONLY 50 CENTS.**

INVISIBLE INK

The most confidential messages can be written with this Ink, for the writing **MAKES NO MARK.** Cannot be seen unless you know the secret. Invaluable for many reasons. Keep your postals and other private memorandums away from prying eyes. Great fun for playing practical jokes. **Only 15c Bottle**

VANISHING INK



Writing written with this remarkable ink vanishes entirely in a few weeks (sooner if desired), leaving the paper QUITE BLANK. **15c p. pd.**

SECRET WRITING INK

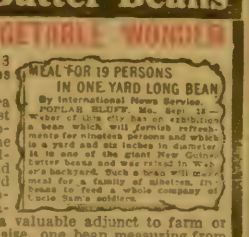
Writing can be READ ONLY IN A DARK ROOM; writing **shines like fire.** Quite invisible at daytime. Very remarkable. **15c bottle; 3 for 40c postpaid.**

JOHNSON SMITH & CO.

Gigantic New Guinea Butter Beans

NEW EDIBLE VEGETABLE WONDER

A Single Bean Measures 3 to 5 feet Long and Weighs 10 to 15 lbs.


MEAL FOR 19 PERSONS
IN ONE YARD LONG BEAN
By International News Service.
PORTAR RILEY, No. dep. 15—
Member of this city has on exhibition
a bean which will furnish refreshments for nineteen persons and which
is a yard and six inches in diameter.
It is one of the giant New Guinea
butter beans and was raised in Wilcox's backyard. Such a bean will make meal for a family of nineteen, or
beans to feed a whole company of
Uncle Sam's soldiers.

The Gigantic New Guinea Butter Bean is the latest Vegetable Wonder, introduced by us for the first time in 1917. It is grown principally in New Guinea. It is said to be a branch of the Gourd family and to furnish subsistence for the Papuan natives. The vines are easily grown, very prolific, and a valuable adjunct to farm or garden. The beans themselves grow to an astonishing size, one bean measuring from 3 to 6 feet long, and weighing anywhere from 10 to 16 lbs. and even more. One bean is sufficient for a family for several meals. When cooked they make delicious eating. In addition to their palatableness, the beans are very rich in nutritious materials and the delicate buttery flavor is much appreciated. Being so easily grown, and bearing so prolifically, they should help to cut down the high cost of living to quite an appreciable extent. Try them. You will find them the finest vegetable you have ever tasted. Sample package of seeds, with full directions for cultivating, cooking, etc., 25c.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. B7, 3224 North Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE "LITTLE GIANT" TYPEWRITER

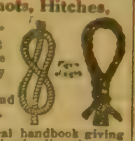
A First Class Writing Machine For $1.25

A perfect little typewriter for $1.25. There are thousands of persons who would like to use a typewriter but whose needs and business do not warrant the expense attached to the purchase and use of a fifty or seventy-five dollar machine. To such persons we confidently recommend our Little Giant. It is strongly made, but simple in construction, so that any one can quickly learn to operate it, and write as rapidly as they would with pen and ink. The letters of the alphabet most frequently used being so grouped as to enable one to write rapidly, the numerals, 1 to 10, and the punctuation marks being together. With this machine you can send your best girl typewritten love letters, address envelopes, make out bills, and do almost any kind of work not requiring a large expensive machine. With each typewriter we send a tube of ink and full printed instructions for using the machine. Price complete $1.25 by mail postpaid.

NEW BOOK ON ROPE SPLICING

Useful Knots, Hitches, Splices, etc.

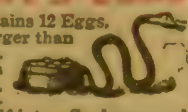
How Different Knots Are Made and What They Are Used For. Knots to Use and Knots to Avoid.



A most practical handbook giving complete and simple direction for making all the most useful knots, hitches, rigging, splices, etc. Over 100 Illustrations. All about wire rope attachments, lashing, blocks, tackles, etc. 87 Heraldic Knots illustrated. Of great value to mechanics, riggers, campers, boatmen. **Price 20c postpaid**

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. B7, 3224 N. Halsted, Chicago

SLIPPERY PUT'S DOG



Each box contains 12 Eggs, which are no larger than a grain of oats. When lit with a match, however, each one gradually hatches itself into a Snake several feet long, which curls and twists about in a most lifelike manner. **Prices per box 10c, postpaid.** Johnson Smith & Co.

MYSTIC SKELETON

A jointed figure of a skeleton 14 inches in height, will dance to music and perform various gyrations and movements while the operator may be any distance from it. The figure may be examined by the spectators.

When handed back to the operator it is simply placed on a chair or table, when it will seemingly become endowed with life, and begin to move. At the command of the operator it will lie down, stand up, dance, etc. We send full directions how to make the skeleton, by the aid of which anyone can readily make it perform. **10c postpaid.**

CIGARETTE ROLLER

Very neat and handy. Weighs less than a quarter of an ounce. It makes better cigarettes than you can buy and makes them easily and quickly. You can use just the tobacco you prefer and thus have nicer "smokes" than ready-made, and more of them besides saving about half of your money. Just try one and make your cigarettes just to your own liking. **Price only 10c or 3 for 25c postpaid,** with full instructions for use. JOHNSON SMITH & CO.

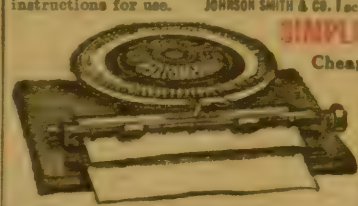
MIDGET ILLUSTRATED BIBLE

A Great Curiosity

The Smallest Bible in the World

The Midget Bible is a perfect gem, and a work of art. It is about the size of a postage stamp and contains TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PAGES of the NEW TESTAMENT, profusely illustrated. This little Bible is a wonder. It is said to bring good luck to the owner. Must be seen to be appreciated. **Price, only 12 cents, three Bibles for 30 cents; one dozen Bibles for $1.00 or 100 for $6.00.** Good money can be made selling these Midget Bibles amongst friends, church acquaintances, Sunday schools, bazaars, etc. Send for a few and try it.

SIMPLEX TYPEWRITER ONLY $2.50



Cheap But Good. So Simple a Child Can Use It. We Guarantee the Writing.

Though so marvelously cheap, this machine is a thoroughly practical Typewriter. We positively guarantee it to produce writing equal in every respect to that of any $100 machine. It does not seem possible at the price, but let us send you a specimen of its work and you will be convinced. With reasonable care it will last a lifetime. It is so simple that a child just able to read can write with it. You can learn all there is to know about it in five minutes, and an hour's practice will make you an expert operator. Every business man must have a typewriter. Illegible pen writing is unbusinesslike and creates the impression that the firm is a no-account and slow-going concern. We assure you that the Practical Typewriter fully deserves its name as it is fit to do the correspondence of any business or profession, and to do it well. You should not miss this chance of securing a bargain. The letters of the alphabet, the numerals, 1 to 10, and punctuation marks are so grouped that the letters most used are before the operator most of the time, enabling him to write rapidly. The rollers hold the paper in position while writing and at the end of each line a slight turn of the roller moves the ratchet which makes a click and forces the paper forward, giving the proper line spacing, so that the lines are all an equal distance from each other, so desirable in letter writing. Each typewriter packed in a strong box, with full printed instructions for use. Price complete, $2.50 sent by mail postpaid.

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B7, 3224 N. Halsted St., Chicago

"The Baby" Double Action Revolver

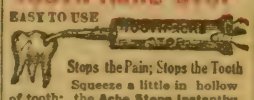
A Handsome and Most Effective Weapon. Measures But 4½ Inches Long. Takes Regular .22 Calibre Cartridges **$5.50**

The new Baby Double Action Hammerless Revolver has been produced to meet the ever increasing demand for a revolver that would combine small size and light weight with the essential features of Efficiency and Practicability. It is small in size, yet is just as effective and serviceable as the most expensive weapon you can buy. Everyone should have a revolver and should know how to use it, and there is no safer or better one made than this. A great feature is its safety action that guards against accidental discharge, making it quite safe for young men and ladies. The illustration gives an idea of its appearance, but it must be seen and used to be thoroughly appreciated. The ammunition used is the standard 22-calibre cartridge obtainable anywhere. The operation of the charging mechanism is extremely rapid and absolutely reliable; six well aimed shots can be fired in as many seconds. The revolver is very well constructed, with finest nickel plated fluted barrel of cylinder, and it weighs only 4¾ ounces. The price of the Baby Revolver is only $5.50, sent by mail, p.pd. to any address.

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B7, 3224 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

TOOTH-ACHE STOP

EASY TO USE



Stops the Pain; Stops the Tooth

Squeeze a little in hollow of tooth; the **Ache Stops Instantly;** the paste hardens, forming an antiseptic Filling. Absolutely harmless. Have it ready for the next bad attack. **25c per tube, postpaid.**

"SAFETY FIRST" PINS

A clever novelty. The National "Safety First" Movement has made them very popular. Wear one and show your sympathy with the movement. Also handy for wearing at amateur theatricals and the like. Two sizes, ⅝ in. (gold plated) and 1⅛ in. (nickel-plated) **6c each, two for 10c p. pd.**

Mysterious Ghost

This is not a pretty object, but there is fun in it for people who like practical jokes. The Ghost, when displayed in a perfectly dark place, glows with a ghastly cold bluish radiance, very apt to give one a "creepy" sensation, even when you know all about it, but a regular starter for those who come upon it unexpectedly. A great joke to play on your mother-in-law. **Price only 15 cents each, or three for 40 cents.**

INKLESS PEN

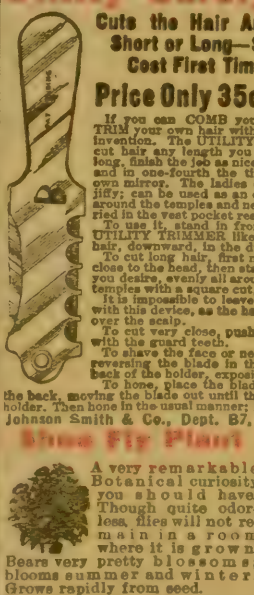
WRITES with WATER 500 words every time you dip. Makes its own ink. Writes fashionable violet color. Better and cheaper than fountain pens. Writes a long letter with one dip in plain water. No trouble—no bother—no muss. A pleasure to use. With Nickel Plated Reversible Holder **10 CENTS, 3 for 25c**

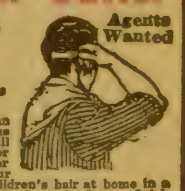
Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B7, 3224 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Trim Your Own Hair With the Utility Safety Hair Cutter

Cuts the Hair Any Length, Short or Long—Saves its Cost First Time Used.

Price Only 35c Extra Blades 5c each





If you can COMB your hair you can TRIM your own hair with this remarkable invention. The UTILITY TRIMMER will cut hair any length you desire, short or long, finish the job as nicely as any barber and in one-fourth the time before your own mirror. The ladies can cut the children's hair at home in a jiffy; can be used as an ordinary razor to shave the face or finish around the temples and neck. Sharpened like any razor; can be carried in the vest pocket ready for instant use and will last a lifetime.

To use it, stand in front of a mirror, if necessary, and use the UTILITY TRIMMER like you would a comb. Push it through the hair, downward, in the direction the hair lies, **but Never Upward.** To cut long hair, first moisten the hair and comb it, so it will lie close to the head, then start cutting with downward cuts as high as you desire, evenly all around the head. Finish around the neck and temples with a square cut, like a barber.

It is impossible to leave any "nicks" or "cat steps" in your hair with this device, as the handle guard guides the cutter blade evenly over the scalp.

To cut very close, push the blade until the cutting edge is even with the guard teeth.

To shave the face or neck it can be used as an ordinary razor by reversing the blade in the holder, the cutting edge being to the back of the holder, exposing the entire blade, except each corner.

To hone, place the blade in the holder, with the cutting edge to the back, moving the blade out until the cutting edge is clear of the back of the holder. Then hone in the usual manner; finish on a strop as with an ordinary razor.

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B7, 3224 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Shoo Fly Plant

A very remarkable Botanical curiosity you should have. Though quite odorless, flies will not remain in a room where it is grown. Bears very pretty blossoms; blooms summer and winter. Grows rapidly from seed.

SEEDS 15c packet, 3 for 40c, postpaid.

Unusually strong and vigorous growing vine. Attains twice the size of ordinary varieties. Grows readily on fences, poles, trellises, etc. One hill will keep an entire family supplied all summer. **Seeds 10c, 3 pkts. for 25c.**

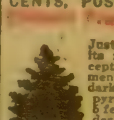
Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B7, 3224 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

THIS PRETTY RUBBER STAMP

WITH PAD AND INK, 75c

Here is the prettiest rubber stamp you ever saw. We have had this design specially engraved for our customers, and it cannot be obtained except through us. The design is ornamental, with floral decorations, with a beautiful dove in the upper part conveying its message of love, the desired name or name and address being tastefully displayed in the center. With this rubber stamp you can brand your letter paper, envelopes, postals and other stationery, and the elaborate and unique design will be admired by all. Placed upon the outside of envelopes, packages and other mail matter, it ensures their return to the sender in the event of non-delivery for any reason. It looks very pretty stamped on books, music, photographs, etc. With each stamp we include a self-inking stamp pad and a bottle of ink for re-inking the pad, and the PRICE of the COMPLETE OUTFIT is **ONLY 75 CENTS, POSTPAID.** JOHNSON SMITH & CO., CHICAGO.

Fragrant Tree Fern



Just introduced; noted for its rapid growth. An exceptionally pretty ornamental plant. Foliage is rich dark green. Forms grand pyramidal bushes about 6 feet high. Branches very desirable for decorative purposes, wreaths, etc. **Seeds 15c pkt., 3 for 40c.**

Weather Plant

NATURE'S WEATHER PROPHET

By mysterious changes that take place, this remarkable plant accurately forecasts the weather many hours in advance. Will grow anywhere all the year around. An interesting house plant. Bears large, fragrant, pink butterfly shape flowers. **Seeds, 15c packet, 3 for 40c, postpaid**

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B7, 3224 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

MULTIPLYING CELLULOID BALLS

THE BEST FEAT OF ITS KIND

This trick is as effective as it is surprising. The performer hands around the ball for examination, and immediately it is returned to him he seizes it by the tips of his thumbs and fingers and a second ball mysteriously appears. These are held in full view of the audience by the tips of the fingers of the left hand, and even while being placed in position, another ball unexpectedly makes its appearance. Finally the magician apparently suffers from some kind of spasm and yet another ball is the result. The feat can then be reversed, the balls disappearing one after another until none remains. It is a very interesting trick that is quite easily performed by following the directions that accompany the apparatus.

PRICE, 25 CENTS, POSTPAID. Johnson Smith & Co., Chicago.

Good Luck Ring

Quaint and Novel Design

A VERY striking and uncommon ring, made of gunmetal. Skull and crossbone design, with two brilliant flashing gems sparkling out of the eyes. A never failing object of interest. It is said by many to bring Good Luck to the wearer, hence its name **Good Luck Ring,** and whilst we will not positively guarantee that, it is certainly a very unique ring that you will take a pride in wearing. They were made to sell at 50 cents, but as a special bargain we will supply them to customers mentioning this paper, at **HALF PRICE, viz., ONLY 25 CENTS, POSTPAID.**

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B7, 3224 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Conjurer's Pack of Trick Cards

With this full pack of cards, dozens of the most astonishing tricks may be performed by anyone. Will delight, astonish and amuse a whole company. **Price,** with complete instructions, **only 50 cents postpaid.**

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B7, 3224 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Polmend

Stops a leak in a minute

The finest repairer for Ironware, Agateware, Enamelware, etc. Good for kettles, pots, pans, boilers, and every kind of ironware, also for tin, copper, aluminum, ice boxes, iron pipes, cracks in stoves, broken china, porcelain, bric-a-brac, bisque, crockery, woodenware, marble, etc. Will not chip, fry, burn, bake or boil out. THE MEND IS THE STRONGEST SPOT IN THE POT. Could not be simpler: Just mix the powder with water. HARDENS LIKE IRON. Fire-proof, Water-proof. You can fill a big hole or a small crack. Mended place stronger than new. Replaces chipped enamel. Anyone can do it; FAILURE IS IMPOSSIBLE. Better and easier than solder. Three sizes, 15 cents, 25 cents and 50 cents.

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B7, 3224 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Utley Takes a Stand

By Mary Parrish

[Copyright.]

MR. AND MRS. UTLEY had lived together for nine years. They never had any serious quarrels. Grace Utley was not "temperamental," which is sometimes another name for a selfish indulgence in temper, but gave most of her attention to being a good housekeeper and wife. Ed Utley was a steady-going business man and was prospering. They were a childless couple, and as the years went on Grace felt keenly this want in her motherly heart. She had never cared much for clubs or church activities in the social line, and her circle of friends was not large, for since her husband had devoted himself so steadily to business evening functions had been considerably neglected, as he often had to work evenings, and Grace, not wishing to go without him, stayed home alone.

When she one day broached the subject of adopting a child, Utley positively objected.

"Why bring in a child to upset the household, keep us awake nights and raise hob generally?" he asked.

"I wouldn't let it keep you awake. There is plenty of room in this house. It wouldn't interfere with your comfort," she protested.

But all her arguments moved not Mr. Edward Utley. He foresaw all kinds of inconveniences to himself; the domestic machinery was running smoothly, why try the risk of a break? He chose not to see the empty arms and the unsatisfied mother heart.

It is not always Satan who finds something for idle hands to do. One evening Grace, feeling lonely, restless and unable to sew or read, conceived the unusual idea of going down and surprising her husband at his work. Perhaps she could help him. At any rate she could sit there quietly till he had finished and come home with him. It was a delightful spring evening and seemed to invite to new adventure. She smiled to herself at the strangeness of the performance, and how surprised he would be at seeing her.

The great office building looked gloomy and deserted. The man in charge of the elevators told Grace he had not seen Mr. Utley come in, but, feeling sure he was there, she took the elevator to his floor. There was no light behind the ground glass of the doors to the suite of offices, and no response to her knocking. A dull, cold feeling came over her as she stood there. Her husband had lied to her.

She went slowly back to the elevator. On her way home she tried to make herself believe he might have been called away on business or she might find him at the house on her return. But he was not there, and it was almost midnight when he came in.

"You ought not to work so late," she said to him. "Have you been in the office till now?"

"Yes, and I'm tired," he answered shortly, and went to his room.

She had given him a chance to explain and he had not taken it. He had lied. Not yet being able to entirely convince herself, she intended to have further proof. The next time he told her he was going to work late she again went down to the office. When she asked the man at the elevator if he thought Mr. Utley was in his office he answered that Mr. Utley never came back in the evening. The only one who ever came back was Mr. Brooks. Possibly he might be up there. She went up to the office, but no one was there. She hoped the man in the hall did not see the misery in her face as she hurried away.

The next question to answer was, where was he spending his time? Utley was not a drinking man, and he did not care for cards, so there seemed but one other solution—a woman—a woman who was more attractive to him than his wife. Not being "temperamental," Grace Utley did not have hysterics, neither did she bring about a "scene" with her husband. She preserved an outward calm, which if he had any suspicions might have seemed rather too unruffled to be genuine.

One evening when Utley came in to dinner he heard the cry of a little child. He sought his wife's room and found her holding a babe in her arms and hushing it to sleep. Too amazed at first to speak, he stood looking at her. She seemed quite indifferent to the look and he blurted out: "Whose child is that?"

"Mine," she answered, looking him defiantly in the eye.

"And you have done this without consulting me?" he demanded angrily.

"You have been doing things without consulting me—things which I suppose you are ashamed to consult me about," she answered quietly.

Her Husband Had Lied to Her.

"What do you mean?" he stormed.

"Oh, you know perfectly well. You know, too, you cannot very well get a divorce, but I can if I wish. You have found your happiness—now you must let me find mine as I choose. Things may go on as they are, if you wish. I shall not interfere with you, neither must you with me."

Edward Utley's face was an interesting study. Here was the quiet, acquiescent wife in a new role. He was ignorant of how much she knew of the truth. For the present, at least, her proposition seemed the only one on which to keep the peace, so he said sullenly: "As you will," and left the room.

It had been a heart-tearing scene for Grace. She loved her husband very deeply, and her tears dropped on the baby's face. But she cuddled it the closer to her breast, and hushed it to sleep. The little girl, not yet two years old, was a very pretty child with little rings of sun-kissed hair and eyes like blue violets. At the home where Grace found her, they called her Marjorie.

Grace saw to it that her husband was not annoyed by the child, and he seemed quite indifferent to its existence. But Grace was so very happy in the care of the little one she was content to have it so. When Marjorie, who was really an adorable child, was three years old, she begged so for a brother that Grace brought home a little boy about two years of age.

When Utley sighted the new arrival, he snorted: "Oh, so this is to be an orphan asylum!"

"No," answered Grace. "They are never going to know they are orphans."

"How many more do you think of adopting?"

"I haven't any idea yet. It will depend. Now, Toddlekins, shake hands with your father."

Utley very gingerly took the little pink fist in his, gently put it back, and left the room. He had been introduced to a new sensation.

"I think," said Grace, a few weeks later, "it would be best for the children at the seashore this summer. I wish you would see about renting a cottage."

Utley found the cottage and announced his intention of coming down for week-ends. He came out the first Saturday evening, and the next morning, as he sat smoking on the piazzi, beheld Grace, a nursemaid and the two children going down to the beach. They seemed a very happy party, laughing and talking merrily. She had not even asked him to come. He was out of it all. He tried to read his paper, but he found he was not reading—only thinking. It was an unusual thing, this feeling of loneliness, but it would be a terrible drop to his dignity to go after them. After a while, dignity or no dignity, he decided to go. He found the happy family on the sands, Marjorie industriously digging, Fred making rather ineffectual efforts to build something. He was quite cordially received by Grace. Marjorie was a trifle shy, but Fred took the most unwonted liberties, sitting on any portion of his outstretched form that happened to be convenient, and filling his pockets with sand. When Grace started to take the little fellow away, Utley insisted on keeping him, and began to show him how to build a fort. Marjorie paused at her play, wistfully watching the two, and Utley noticing this asked her to come and help. He played with the children till luncheon time, and seemed to be enjoying every minute. The next week-end he insisted on giving both the children a dip when he went out to swim, laughing heartily at the fright of the boy, and afterwards spending a great deal of time teaching him how to say "daddy."

Next he announced that he intended to take his vacation, and would spend it all with his family at the seashore. When Grace saw the little boy riding down to the beach on the shoulders of her husband, and the girl clinging to his hand, something tugged at her heart. He had fallen in love with the children. Of that she was very glad. But what did it mean for her? She was happy when they called him father, and it pleased him, but—what of her?

That evening when he had kissed both the little ones good-night, and they sat alone in the quiet gloaming, Grace said to him: "I am glad the children do not trouble you, Ed. But you ought not to make them care so much for you."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because—if they learn to love you—and you should want to go away. If we part, it would be so hard for them."

"Grace!" he cried with intense feeling. "I don't want to go away. Whatever it was that stood between us—yes, I admit there was some one—but she has gone forever out of my life. If you will forget it, if you will let me come back as tho it had never happened—do you love me enough to forgive like that?"

"Yes, Ed," she answered.

Holding her closely in his arms, he whispered: "You may adopt a dozen, if you like."

"I think," she answered, "two is enough, now that I have you back."

* * *

Scheme for Electing Officers.

"I DON'T know what we are going to do," confessed the beautiful wife to the sympathetic husband. "We can't get anybody to take any offices in our patriotic society."

"That's funny," commented the amiable husband. "If I remember right there was trouble when the club was organized because there were not enough offices to go around. And now you have a superfluity."

"That's the situation exactly," said the beautiful wife, "and I don't know what we are going to do. Of all the women elected the last time only one is willing to serve, and those of us who have served our time are anxious to be relieved of our duties as promptly as possible. But we can't dump all the offices on the one woman who is willing to serve."

"No," agreed the amiable husband, "you can't do that, but you can just dump the jobs on the people who were duly elected. They are as much 'it' as you are. You're out and they're in."

"We had an awful time electing anybody!" declared the beautiful wife. "Nearly every woman at the meeting was there to see that she was not nominated for office and those who couldn't be there themselves had representatives who were even more strenuous."

"Ah! I see!" said the husband. "A bunch of husbands and children were there to see that the chief cooks and bottle washers of their establishments didn't take on any important offices in addition to their household duties."

"No," said the beautiful wife patiently, "there were no husbands or children there, but there was a strenuous mother or two. For instance, Mrs. Nidgens. When we started to elect Mrs. Wilbuffer president we were surprised to hear strenuous objections from an obscure corner.

"'Mrs. Wilbuffer can't possibly serve!' declared the large, strong voice.

"'Why not?' asked the president.

"'On account of the children. A woman's first duty——'

"'But,' persisted the president, 'Mrs. Wilbuffer's mother lives next door to her, and takes care of the family.'

"'I beg your pardon!' said the large voice. 'Mrs. Wilbuffer did have a mother to take care of her family, but she hasn't now. I know, because I am Mrs. Wilbuffer's mother, and while Mrs. Wilbuffer has been doing so much work away from home I have had charge of her children besides my own family and I'm not going to take the job again.'"

"Well, then," said the amiable husband, quick as a flash, "your problem was solved right then and there. You should have taken the mothers and other women who have been doing double duties at home and put them in office and let the ex-officials take the double home stunts for a while."

* * *

Not Inspiring.

"Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-hoss open shay!"

"Yes!"

"But nobody has written a carol about the one-lung automobile."

* * *

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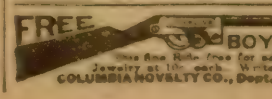

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Stories for the Ledger Boys and Girls

A Trip Around the Corner

WHEN Jack came down from his country home to live in the city he did not realize what was happening to him; for it was a dark night when he reached his destination, and besides he was fast asleep. When he awoke next morning he was so shocked that he simply could not speak; so he went out on the bottom step of the hard stone steps to think it over and cry a few desolate tears.

No trees; no lovely meadows; no winding, shady lanes. Houses, miles of them, and stones, hard, ugly stones!

"You may play on the sidewalk, Jack," said mamma, who was very busy, "but do not go around the corner!"

Later Aunt Nell came out of the house on her way to do an errand.

"Having a good time, Jackie?" she smiled, "don't go around the corner!"

"Where is the corner?" asked Jack forlornly. He imagined the "corner" was some sort of an animal who objected to being gone "around."

"Down there!" pointed Aunt Nell carelessly, then hurried off in the opposite direction.

Jack begin to grow interested. He did not mean to disobey. He would not go "around the corner," he would only walk a bit down the ugly street and see the "corner."

He reached the spot where the houses ended, before they began again on the other side of another ugly street; but there was no animal in sight. There was, however, a very good-natured boy with freckles on his face, and a basket on his arm.

"Hello, Yellow Corn-silk!" cried the boy pleasantly, "what you looking for?"

"The corner," smiled Jack in reply.

"Follow your nose, Country, and take your choice of corners, they are all over the town."

That was encouraging and interesting, so on Jack went fairly enough.

By and by he began to feel hungry, still no corners. He grew very tired at last. Once or twice people spoke to him; that frightened him, and he ran. Then when he could find a quiet spot he sat down and rested. But no corners did he see.

Finally the shadows began to fall and an awful horror crept into Jack's soul.

He was lost! Home and mamma gone forever! Not even the sight of a corner to cheer his aching heart. At last he came to the water. But there was no pretty pebbly beach, only a wooden thing that ended right in the black, dirty stream. Jack could stand it no longer, he found a pile of boxes near by, he crept in among them and sobbed as if his heart would break.

Then he fell asleep and dreamed of the country and the white pebbly beach at the foot of grandfather's stream. What wakened him Jack could not tell, but when he opened his eyes the moonlight was making the black water lovely, and some one near him was sobbing just as he had done before he fell asleep.

Cautiously Jack peered around the edge of his box and in the next one was a boy little larger than himself, very ragged, very dirty, but blissfully human and comfortable to Jack's lonely little self.

"Hello!" whispered Jack.

The boy ceased crying and wiped his eyes.

"Hello," he said; then confidently: "What are you doing here?"

"Nothing," said Jack truthfully. "I just come out to see a corner, but there wasn't any, and I guess I'll have to die here."

In the moonlight the dirty boy stared at Jack with wide, wondering eyes. "I'm running away," he murmured. "I do not belong to any one and I'm tired of selling papers and giving old Tony all the money. A fresh airer told me about the country once. He ran away from it because the stillness hurt his head. I never heard any stillness, but I bet I would like it, and the country, too. The fresh airer said yer could pick flowers and walk on the grass; but"—with a longing sigh—"I guess that ain't so; he wouldn't have come away if things had been so. That fresh airer ain't so silly. He was awful sick, tho. I am always awful well, so they never sent me."

"If you want to, I'll take you to the country along with me!" Jack's heart swelled with renewed hope. Once he reached the country he could tell grandfather all about it and everything would be right. He began to tell the boy about the glorious country. The fresh airer had never said half so much. The small dirty face became radiant in the moonlight. "What's your name?" asked Jack at length.

"Jes' Tom," gasped the boy, his eyes shining. Then, "Somebody is coming!"

They huddled together, for they had been occupying the same box for some time.

"We might as well look in the boxes, kids do queer things!" It was a deep, terrible voice that said this. "Jes' Tom" quaked with fear, and Jack with sympathy.

Suddenly a light shone in the box opening. Two heads were thrust in and a voice, not a gruff one, cried to some one outside:

"I swan, sir, if there isn't Corn-silk!" Then the man with the big voice drew the two trembling children out with no ungentle hand and stood them right before Jack's dear father. The story of the weary day and hunt for the corner was soon told. "Jes' Tom" stood forlornly hanging his head. He belonged to no one. The boy, who earlier in the day had had a basket on his arm, now stood near Jack and his father. The big policeman, too, found nothing interesting in Tom, so he wondered if he could slip away.

But Jack saw his motion and clung to him.

"'Jes' Tom' is my brother!" he cried, loyally. "I want him to come with me."

Then another story was told by Tom and Jack together. It was Tom's story, and it was such a lonely sad little story that even the big policeman turned away his head.

Shall I tell you how it all ended? It had such a happy ending.

"Jes' Tom" was taken back to Jack's home and made clean and tidy. Then he slept in bed for the first time that he could remember. The next day a whole suit of clothes was bought for him, and he really was a beautiful boy without the rags and dirt.

There was a good deal of talking in Jack's house, and Tom's name was often spoken. Letters were written, too, and one day a long letter came in reply from grandfather.

Then the grandest thing of all happened. Aunt Nell took Jack and Tom down to the country one beautiful day. When they reached grandfather's home, that dear old gentleman said:

"You look just like the boy I want, Tom. I need some one to drive me around the country, and to learn to be a useful boy to an old doctor. What do you think?"

Something came in Tom's throat and he could not speak. He looked out over the lawns and flower beds, where some flowers were nodding gayly. Then Jack saved the day.

"You are to live here, Tom," he shouted; "you are to be grandfather's boy and learn things, and every summer I am coming to stay years!"

Every one was laughing and shaking Tom by the hand. It was the jolliest time you ever saw, and it ended only to begin in years of safe happiness for little Tom.

"Maybe I did not find corners that day," Jack said to his grandfather, "but I found 'Jes' Tom' and he is better. I can live thru the winters if I can have the summers; you see, no one told me that before."

The Land of Names.

"YOU'RE a mean old thing!" said Roy to his mother. His mother had refused to let him drive the new horse and carriage to the village. "I say," repeated Roy, "you're just as mean as you can be. You and pa are always keeping me from having fun. I never saw two such——"

"Perhaps you would like to live somewhere else," suggested the "mean old thing" quietly.

"Yes," said Roy, "I would, you and pa are just as stingy, and—and fraid-catty as you know how to be."

"Then I shan't expect you home for supper," said the "fraid cat" very calmly. Roy did not look at her. There was something in her voice that made him want to avoid her eyes.

"No, you needn't, I won't be a trouble to you any longer."

"I hope you'll find a pleasanter home, and pleasanter parents," said his mother sweetly. "Good-by." She turned and went into the house. Roy stared after her.

"I guess she's awful mad," he said to himself. "Well, I don't care, she might have let me drive that horse. What if he is a valuable one. I guess I know how to drive. I'm 10 years old, anyhow, and they might trust me with things."

Roy walked aimlessly down the long, sandy road. He kicked the stones stubbornly with his foot. He did not notice much where he was going and that is how he came to wander in the Land of Beautiful Names. He must have been walking about an hour when he looked up and saw ahead of him an unfamiliar sight. A castle rose in the distance and he had never seen a castle in all his life. He walked nearer and came upon some children perched on a wall and a beautiful woman was telling them a story. They were all so interested in the story that they did not notice Roy. He thought it must be a good story and he thought he would like to hear it, too, she he climbed up on the wall. The beautiful lady smiled at him and went on with her story. It was very interesting and Roy pushed nearer and nearer to catch every word. The other children crowded nearer, too.

Roy punched the child next to him vigorously. "Quit your shovin', pig," he started to say to the child, but to his great surprise he said instead, "Please let me have a little more room, precious." He was so surprised at not saying the words he intended to say that he fell quite off of the wall on the other side. The children all jumped down to help him up, but the beautiful lady was the first to help him to his feet.

"Are you hurt, dear?" she asked gently.

Now Roy did not like to be called "dear:" he thought it was silly and belittling, and as he was still in a bad humor he was about to say, "None of your business." He opened his mouth to say it, and before he realized he had replied:

"No, thank you, Mistress Gentle. I was only startled."

"I am glad," said the lady.

"Where am I, and who are you?" gasped Roy.

"Why, I am Mistress Gentle. You called me by my name."

"Well, I did not mean to," said Roy, "I was going to say——" Roy began very slowly to form the words, but he could not say them. His throat stiffened and his lips would not move. The children all looked at him pityingly, and the lady said:

"You were going to say something unbeautiful, but you could not; no one can here. Only beautiful words can be spoken here. It is the Land of Beautiful Names."

Roy did not believe her. He thought she was talking nonsense such as his mother sometimes talked about the good angel and the bad angel, or the two little men that were fighting inside himself. Roy was 10, and he did not take any stock in fairy stories. Still he was bewildered and a little frightened, and that made him more angry.

He tried to stamp his foot, but to his great disgust he kissed the lady's hand instead. "You are a——" he was going to say liar, but he couldn't think of the word.

"Do you want a dictionary?" asked one of the children.

"Yes, yes," he cried eagerly.

One of the children brought him one, and he was very proud to be able to show them that he knew how to find things in the dictionary. Father had taught him as soon as he learned to read. He turned over the pages eagerly till he came to L. "You are——" he began again, running his finger down the page. But the word was not there. Indeed the only words he could find that would at all apply were "lovely lady," and these were so silly, and not the words he wanted to use. He turned to the front cover of the dictionary. It was just like the one on his father's table.

"I can't find the word," he said at length somewhat shamefacedly.

"Then it was not a beautiful word,"

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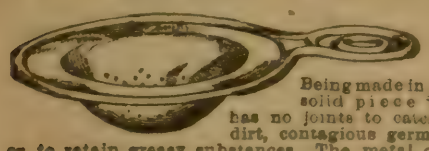

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said the lady sadly.

"No, of course it wasn't," said Roy. "I was——" he wanted to say mad, but he could not think of it, so he said in spite of himself. "I was magnanimous." Then the lady and the children all laughed.

Roy hated to be laughed at. "Will you please tell me how I am to get out of this beautiful place," he said.

"It is so beautiful that no one ever goes away," said the lady gravely.

"Well, I think you are all a lot of——" but the word "prigs" would not come, so rather than say "princes and princesses," which were the only words he could think of, he remained silent.

"I think my mother will want me to come home," he said at length. He spoke very slowly and thoughtfully so as not to run against any words he could not, or did not want to say.

"Have you a beautiful mother?" asked the lady.

"Perfectly beautiful," said Roy, and he was surprised that the words came so easily.

"Does she love you?" asked the lady.

"Of course, she does," said Roy.

"Does she give you everything you want?"

"No," Roy shook his head.

"But you love her better than any other mother you could have?" persisted the lady.

"She is the best in the world," said Roy.

"Do you ever call her names that are not beautiful?" asked the lady.

"I never will again," said Roy, and as he spoke the lady and the children and the tower and the wall disappeared and he was walking slowly on a dusty road toward home.

He drew a long breath. "My, but I'm glad I'm out of that place," he said.

He walked up the road, turned in at his garden gate, and found his mother in the library.

"Well, Roy," she said, "didn't you find a better mother than I anywhere?"

"I went a long ways," said Roy, "but I couldn't find any one half as lovely as you, and do you mind if I say that you are the dearest old, mean, miserable, bully mother a boy ever had? There! I can say those words again, but I guess I won't." And he told his mother about

Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

THERE was once a little boy named Jack and he lived—no matter where. He had a great big dog named Rover and a pretty gray cat. The cat had no name, so Jack just called her Pussy Cat.

Jack was not such a very good little boy and he liked to see Pussy catch mice and birds, and sometimes he would "sic" Rover on Pussy and sit and watch them fight.

One day Jack and Rover and Pussy were playing in the woods and after a while they all went to sleep on the ground. Pretty soon they were all awakened by some one calling, "Jack! Jack!" Jack sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"I know that is your name. That is my name, too. I am called Jack-in-the-pulpit, and I am going to preach you a sermon now."

The voice came from a funny little flower, all green. It looked like a little man standing in a pulpit which stood up high at his back and bent a little over his head like a canopy.

"My text is, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

"I notice that you are not merciful, Jack; indeed, you are a very cruel little boy. I have seen you tear a bird's nest to pieces and take out the eggs and make holes in them and blow all the insides out, and put them away in the house where they never did anybody any good. You never think of the poor little bird and all the work she had done to build that nest and put the eggs there. I want you to watch a bird build her nest and see what a long time it takes to build it, and how she has to hunt for every little twig and straw and then carry them, one at a time, in her mouth all the way to the nest. I want you to watch her until her nest is all done and see how long it has taken. Then I want you to go downtown and watch the men building your papa's new house. They have things brought right to them by the wagon load. They don't have to hunt around for their bricks and carry them, one at a time, in their mouths. Do you think they would ever get your house done if they did? And yet it takes them a long time to build a house.

"You have no more right to destroy the bird's house than I have to destroy yours. How would you like to lose your new house?

"And, Jack, I saw you throw a stone at another little boy the other day."

"He is a very bad boy," interrupted Jack.

"Well, of course, if he is very bad he deserves whatever he gets, but what about the stone? The stone hadn't been bad, and yet you take it away from all the stones around it, all its old friends, and throw it ever so far down the street, where it will have to stay with stones it doesn't know and never saw before. Wasn't that very unkind?

"You sometimes catch beautiful butterflies, Jack, and pin them on the wall, and then stand by to see the poor things flutter and struggle until they die. Be merciful to the things that are less strong than you are. The butterflies cannot strike back. The next time you want to do that sort of thing try bees.

"Fourthly, my dearly beloved brethren—no—brother, be merciful to your dear pussy. Don't set Rover to tearing out her fur. And don't allow pussy to catch birds. Why, in my world, the flower world, we have a whole zoological garden of birds and dogs and tigers and other things, all living together, and they never think of touching each other."

"I never heard of such things living together and not fighting," said Jack. "What else is there?"

"Well, there is a robin, a pussy, a tiger, a fox, a cow, a horse, a hare, a lion, a lark, a dragon, a spider and an elephant—or at least a part of one."

"Part of an elephant! What do you mean? I should like to see this zoological garden."

"I didn't expect to end my sermon just yet but I will, and will show you where to find the spot where there is no fighting. Take Rover and Pussy with you and go thru the woods. You will soon find our zoological garden."

So, after saying good-by to the little preacher, Jack, Rover and Pussy started off, and, sure enough, they soon came to the dog-(wood) and the pussy-(willow), standing close together; near by stood the horse-(chestnut), and near these were the wake-robin and the ragged robin, the hare-(bell) and the cow-(slip).

(Dande)-lions played with the lark-(spur) and the (snap)-dragon with the fox-(glove).

The spider-(lily) and the tiger-(lily) and the elephant's ear, having had more cultivation, were more dignified.

They were all living so peacefully together that Jack was greatly impressed and after that day he tried to live up to the text of Jack-in-the-Pulpit, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

A Lesson in Anatomy.

LITTLE EDMUND, aged 4, had been so naughty that his mother lost all patience with him and shook him hard. Instead of crying he seemed very much surprised, and spent quite a while afterward inspecting himself in the mirror. At last he turned to his older sister and said in a puzzled tone:

"I don't see why I stayed whole."

"Silly," replied his sister. "You can't come apart because of your backbone. Your head sits on one end of it and you sit on the other."

It Was.

THE habitual customer, Mr. Feedwell, would often condescend to chat with the head waiter. One day he said very seriously:

"Look here, I don't often complain, but this pepper of yours is half peas!"

"Oh, no!" said the head waiter indignantly, "I see to that myself. We grind our own pepper."

"But I tell you it's half peas," said the customer, "and I'll prove it. P-e-p-p-e-r—half 'p's.' You see!"

Kerrect.

THE teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America.

"And now, boys," she announced, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row.

"Well, Tommy?"

"The porcupine!"

That's True.

THE teacher had been telling her class about the rhinoceros family. "Now, name some things," she said, "that are very dangerous to get near to and that have horns."

"Motor cars!" promptly answered Johnny.

The City Child.

LITTLE 5-year-old Vivian, visiting in the country for the first time, happened to notice the cattle enjoying their cud.

"Say, grandpa!" she exclaimed, "does you have to buy gum for all them cows to chew?"

They Knew.

"CHILDREN," said the teacher toward the close of the geography lesson on Australia, "there is one animal that no one has mentioned. It is quite tall, and does not stand up on its legs all of the time. It cannot walk like other animals and people, and takes funny little skips. What is it?" "Charlie Chaplin," yelled the row of movie fans on the front seat.

Followed His Advice.

FATHER—"Jimmy, why did you beat Neighbor Smith's little boy so shamefully?"

Jimmy—"You told me to."

Father—"I told you to! Why, my son, what do you mean?"

Jimmy—"Didn't you tell me the other day that it was more blessed to give than to receive?"

Father—"Yes, but——"

Jimmy—"Well, I had to give him a lickin' or receive one."

Unsocial.

Pest—"I walked by your house this morning."

Us—"Thanks very much."

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Lame back is only one of many symptoms of kidney trouble. Other symptoms showing that you may need Swamp-Root are, being subject to embarrassing and frequent bladder troubles day and night, irritation, sediment, etc.

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Every sufferer from Weak Lungs—everyone afflicted with chronic cough—should read this remarkable history of a druggist, afflicted with Tuberculosis, who experimented on himself seeking a road to health. With his simple treatment any cough-racked, tortured person may find quick relief in a home treatment. Soothing, pleasant, anyone may use it under plain directions. Just send name and address on post card to ADDILINE, 2010 Capital Trust Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

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Ma Changes Her Mind

By Philip Bartholomae

THE things Ma Henderson said when her son was drafted were hardly patriotic, but her remarks after he left for training camp were often of such a nature that her whole family was glad they had no immediate neighbors. The hundred and one remarks against training camps, against soldiers, against the Red Cross, against war, that had been so insidiously sent broadcast by German propaganda were all eagerly absorbed by her and aired at length. She pounced on these remarks that had been spread purposely, for such as she, and believed them as gospel truth, and nothing her family could say or do would cause her to think differently.

"Put my son among a lot of loafers and bums!" she said. "Feed my son tainted meat! Make him sleep in a hammock!"

"That is only in the Navy," her husband interrupted her quietly. "In the Army they sleep in cots."

"What is that, a cot?" Ma Henderson snapped him up quickly.

"Just like a bed," he explained. "Only it hasn't any top or bottom."

"Ah," said Ma Henderson triumphantly. "So his feet stick out and he catches cold," and she rocked furiously, while Pa Henderson slammed the door in disgust and went for a walk.

One day after her son's departure, Ma Henderson announced to the family that she was going to camp to see for herself.

First the black cashmere dress was taken out, the one she only wore for weddings, funerals and Christmas, but if she went down to see her Eddie she certainly had to look nice. Besides, she knew she could tell the general much better what she thought was wrong if she looked her best.

For two days she fussed around with her little bonnet, first sewing the white feather on one side, then on the other, and for the whole week she never took the crimpers out of her hair. Tuesday morning she started cooking and baking, because she was going to take a basket out with things to gladden Eddie's heart. Little cold meat pies, cakes, cookies, preserves, all were specially made, even jellied chicken broth. She was sure that by this time her Eddie must be almost an invalid from the terrible food they were getting.

So at 5 o'clock Sunday morning Ma Henderson boarded the train for Camp Grant and found it packed. She had to stand for four hours madly clutching her various packages and baskets, all of which she blamed on President Wilson.

It was a tired and bewildered old lady who arrived at camp. She asked the first soldier she met where she could find Eddie Henderson. The man shrugged his shoulders and Ma Henderson looked at him in surprise.

"You don't know my Eddie?"

"Say, madam," the soldier said. "There are only 40,000 odd men down here. No, I don't know your Eddie."

Ma Henderson put her bundles down by the roadside, and, getting out some safety pins pinned up her skirt around the bottom, and then walked on until she met a lieutenant. He stopped her and asked her if he could help her in any way and she told him she was looking for her son. On being asked to what regiment he belonged, what barracks he was in, she had no answer. "Pa addressed the letters for me," she said. The lieutenant took her to headquarters, where he secured for her a list of six Hendersons, three of which had the initial "E."

After much walking and questioning she found the first barracks designated on her list, only to find that Eddie Henderson was out, so she sat down on the front stoop and waited patiently while they went to find him. The man came back smiling. "I guess you got the wrong one," he said. "He's walking up the road with his mother. Guess he can't have two, can he?"

Ma Henderson took up her bundles and went on her weary way. It was afternoon, by this time, and she felt more like crying every moment, but she just "wouldn't let them roughnecks see her crying," so she fought the tears back.

Arriving at another barracks, the soldiers informed her that there was an Eddie Henderson, but he had gone on leave. They did not know where he lived. One of them gave a vague description of him, but it did not seem right to Ma Henderson, especially when the boy said he was "kind of homely and thick set." She well knew that could not be her Eddie, so she went to the third and last place. Here they told her that Eddie Henderson was in the hospital. In alarm she dropped all her bundles. "My boy, my boy. I knew they'd kill him!" The soldier looked at her in amazement.

"You have got it wrong. I know Eddie's mother. We are both from Omaha."

This was too much for Ma Henderson. She dropped on a bench and burst into tears. Six or eight soldiers tried in every way to calm her. Thru her tears she told her story while the boys stood around awkwardly. One big six-footer, whom Ma Henderson thought looked "kind of fierce," patted her softly on the back. "You just rest a spell. We'll send the boys out and find him if he's in camp." Immediately four or five boys were dispatched in various directions, while the others made Ma Henderson comfortable. They made her take off her bonnet. They put her bundles all in a row. One of them even produced a brush and helped her to brush off her dress, while another filled his basin with water so she could wash her hands. He even resurrected a clean towel.

Soon Ma sat radiant in their midst, and even the fact that all the boys came back with no trace of her son did not seem to depress her.

Suddenly she looked at the packages. Without a word she opened them and passed the goodies around. Ma Henderson knew how to cook, and those boys certainly knew how to appreciate it. One little blond chap jumped up on a chair and yelled:

"Three cheers for Ma Henderson!" and all the boys joined in.

The dear old lady beamed with happiness. Never in her life had she been so well treated. She must see the place, they said. The beds were inspected thoroly, especially the blankets. "Why, they are better than he has got to home," she announced. "Wool is so expensive."

Suddenly she swayed, but six hands were outstretched to steady her. "It is all right," she said, smiling and straightening herself again. "I guess I am a little weak. I haven't eaten since 5 o'clock this morning." Down to their mess hall they took her, for there was not a crumb left of the food she had brought, and persuaded the cook to give her the supper in advance.

Ma Henderson was hungry and the food convinced her it was better than any cooking she could do.

Two of the boys walked back to the train with her to show her the short cut.

Late that night she arrived home radiant and happy. In her hand she carried an atrociously colored lithograph of President Wilson, which she stuck up on the wall. Her family watched her in amazement.

"I am going down to see my boys every week," she said. "I promised."

"Your boys?" said Pa Henderson in surprise. "Why——"

But Ma interrupted him. "Yes, my soldier boys. You will all have to go with me next week to help me carry. There are a lot of them."

"Yes, but Eddie——" Pa Henderson got no further, for again he was interrupted.

"I didn't have the address. I couldn't find Eddie."

"No," said Pa Henderson; "he got leave of absence. Eddie's been here. He just left about an hour ago. That's just what you get for not writing and going off on a wild goose chase."

But Ma Henderson shook her head and then smiled. "How did Eddie look? He must be happy. You know, I'd almost like to be a soldier myself."

* * *

"Some" Gun.

A BRITISH soldier met an American soldier in the Strand, and a conversation ensued, during which the absorbing topic of the day cropped up.

"What do you think of Fritz's big gun that's shelling Paris?" asked the Briton.

"Oh, not much," said the American.

"But, come," said the Briton, "it's a pretty tidy gun that can put a shell over seventy miles."

"Oh, that's nothing," retorted the American. "Jest you wait a bit. We're making a gun in Chicago that can put it in the shade. The first time we fire it the gun crew are getting a fortnight's leave to wait for the recoil!"

* * *

The Busy Physician.

AN ILLINOIS physician who had motored into an Ohio town found the negro porter standing back of the machine laughing.

"What's the joke?" inquired the owner.

"Nuthin,' boss, but you're a doctor, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"I thought so when I saw that Red Cross on the front of your car. But if I owned that machine, I'd sholy take that sign off the back." The doctor walked around to the rear and looked at his license tag. It read, "46,000 Ill."—Judge.

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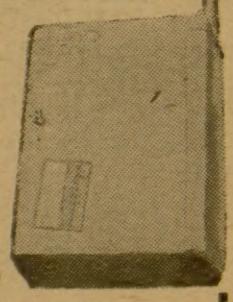

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AGENTS — WATERPROOF APRON. ALL sizes. Big seller. Every housewife buys. Needs no laundering. Always clean. Durable. 100% profit. Kane sold 70 in one week. Write for samples. Parker Mfg. Co., 209 Call St., Dayton, Ohio.

SELL "AMERICAN NEGRO SOLDIER IN World War." New official book, complete, pictorial, 100 photographs. Make $5.00 an hour. Best terms. Be first. Credit given. Freight paid. Outfit free. Globe Association, 300 Como Bldg., Chicago.

SIGN LETTERS, FOIL AND SPECIALTIES for windows. Genuine gold. Anyone can sell and put up. $50 week easily made. Chicago Sign System, 326H, River St., Chicago.

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